

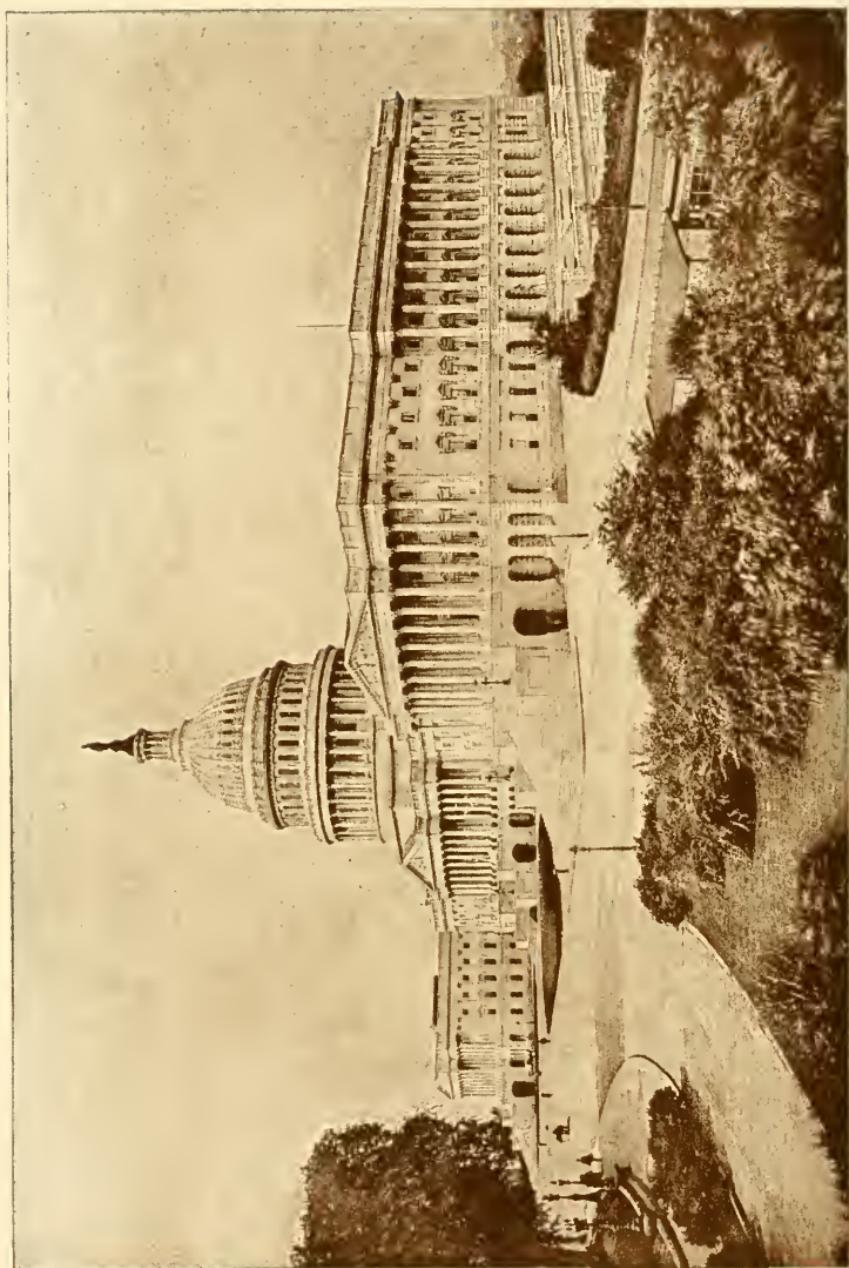
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PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS
WANT TO KNOW

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON



PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS OF OLD MONMOUTH," "LIGHT HORSE
HARRY'S LEGION," "SCOUTING WITH DANIEL
BOONE," ETC. ETC.



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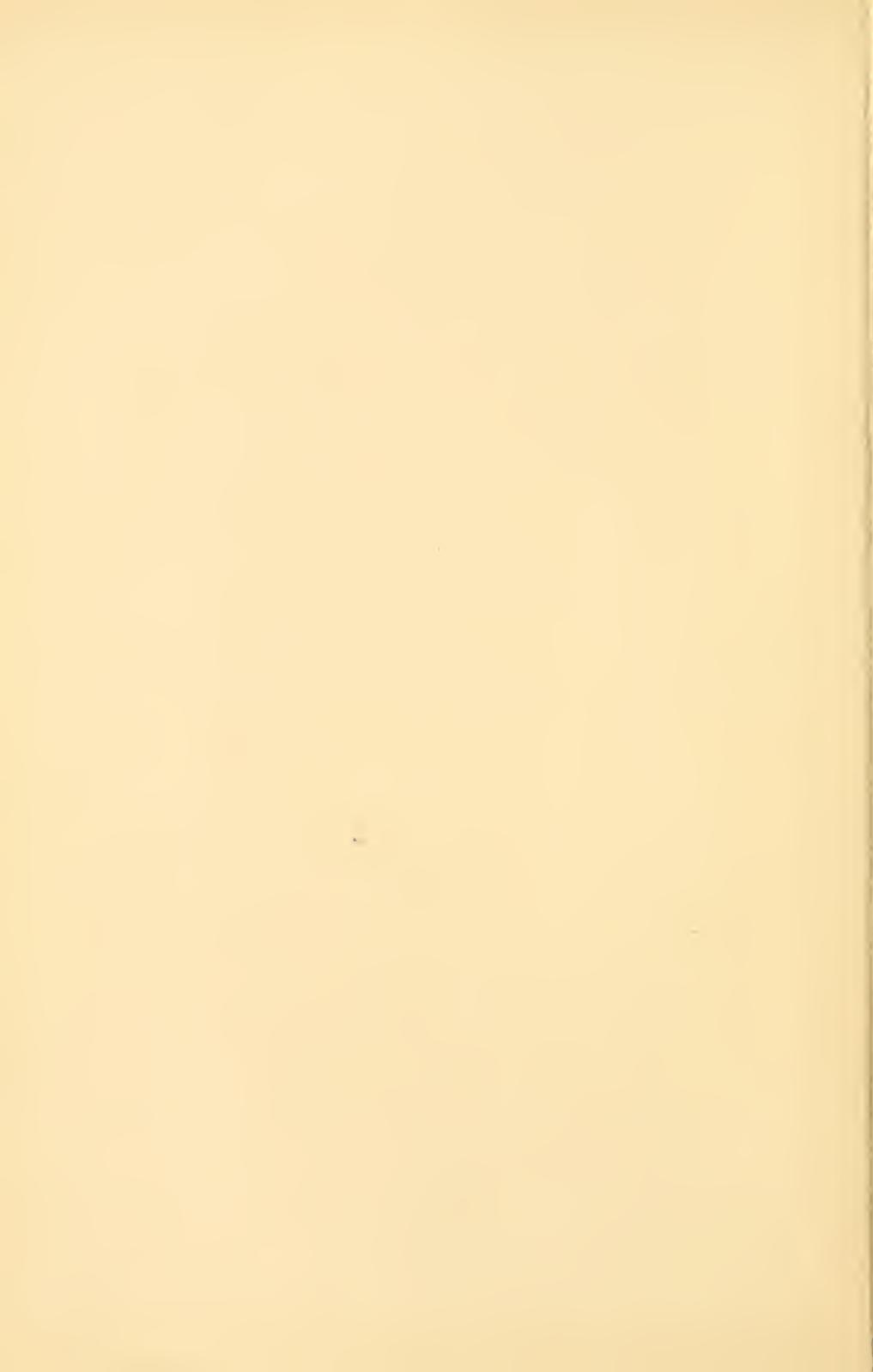
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PREFACE

“See America first” is a familiar suggestion. Whatever a young American may learn of other lands he surely ought not to be ignorant of his own.

In this little book I have endeavored to cast into simple form descriptions of some of the most notable places in the history, geography and scenic beauty of our country.

The English lad is taught thoroughly the lessons of the heroes, history and points of natural interest in his own land. Surely a similar course of reading concerning the most notable places in his country ought to be of value to every American boy.

There is, too, a special need to-day of a revival of true patriotism. Intelligent love of country is dependent, however, upon knowledge. Especially is this true among the thousands who recently have come to win a home in America, but who are without knowledge of the price that was paid for the liberties they enjoy and are not familiar with the land or the life in which they are to share. Perhaps in no better way

PREFACE

can this desired information be given than by telling the story of the places which every American ought to know.

Even if it is not possible for all to visit Concord and Lexington, to see the imposing buildings in the capital of the nation, to behold the grandeur of the Yosemitie and the marvels of the Yellowstone, it still is the privilege of all not only to know what and where these places are, but also, by the aid of stories and pictures, to appreeiate their value and the lessons they teach.

If the reading of these stories shall arouse in the minds of our Ameriean boys and girls a desire to see and know more of their own land, the writer will feel that his labors have not been in vain.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

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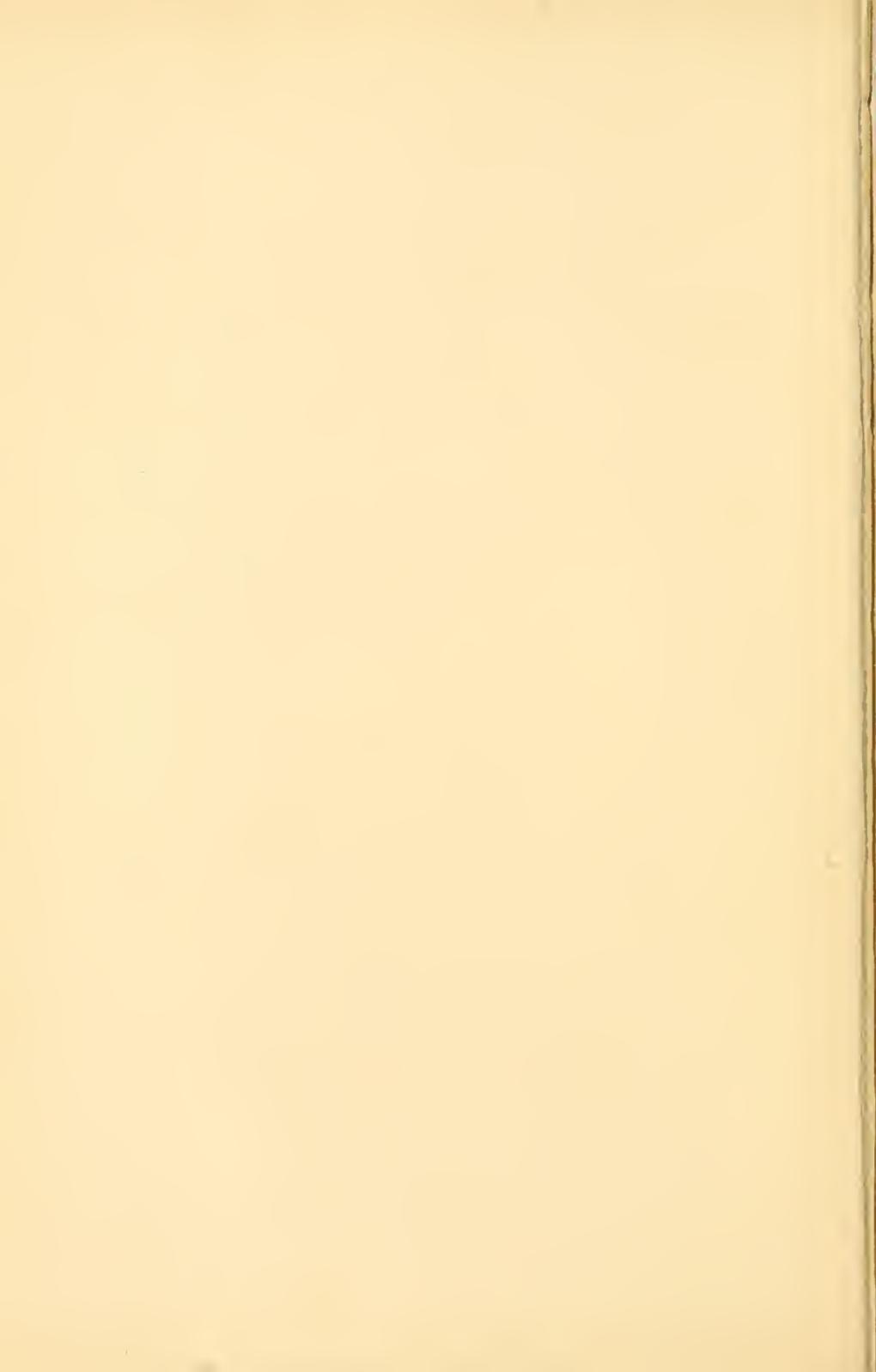
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CHAPTER I

THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

ALMOST every land has a rock of which its people are very proud. Many have heard of the great Rock of Gibraltar, which England has made so strong with her guns and soldiers that, if she objects, it will be very hard for ships either to enter or depart from the great Mediterranean Sea, the entrance to which it guards.

The Irish are very proud of a high rock that stands alone in the midst of the dark green pasture-lands of Ireland. On this great Rock of Cashel one can see to-day the ruins of large buildings which the monks used many years ago. Here was a chapel and a beautiful cathedral. To-day there is a great stone cross on this rock. It is one of the Irish Crosses, made

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so long ago that no one can say when it was first set up. Here, too, are the ruins of some strange buildings erected by the Druids long before St. Patrick came to Ireland.

In the village of Plymouth, on the shore of Massachusetts, there is a rock, which is the most famous in our country. Last year more than fifty thousand people visited it. General Grant, standing beside it in October, 1880, after he had gone around the world, said that "this granite boulder to him was a more inspiring memorial than any of the monuments he had seen in his journeys in other lands."

A great Frenchman said, "Here is a stone which the foot of outcasts pressed for an instant and this stone has become famous; it is treasured by a great nation; its very dust is shared as a relic. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces? Who cares for them?"

The rock is of granite, of a dark gray color. In it there are green flecks and many fine, black particles of mica. It is very hard, and, like the stones in this part of our country, might re-

THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

ceive a high polish. Its name is Plymouth Rock.

Many years ago when there were only a few white people in America, and Captain John Smith and his crew, and perhaps a few others, were the only white men that had ever seen the little harbor, on the shore of which the famous rock has stood for ages, there were some people in England who were in great trouble. They had done no wrong, but they had dared to say that every man ought to be free to worship God in the way he thought was right.

These Separatists, as they were called, were severely persecuted. For a long time they suffered much because of their faith, but they did not change. At last a body of these people, led by their pastor, John Robinson, decided to leave their English homes and go to Holland, where they hoped to find more freedom.

So it came to pass that the little company sought new homes at Leyden, in Holland. Although the Dutch were kind to them, the little band did not prosper. Some of the good people died and others soon had spent all their money.

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When ten years were gone there were just about one-half as many of these people, who were called Pilgrims, as had come to Holland.

Then it was that they decided to go to America. Others had gone there because they hoped to find gold, or because their kings wanted to secure land in the new country. Then, too, some even had been sent across the sea because England thought she would be better off if she could rid herself of them.

The reasons for the sailing of this little band from Delfthaven were different. The Pilgrims, as they were now called, were not going to America to seek for gold, or because their king had sent them, but to found a place where every man should be free to worship God as he thought right. Just before they sailed, there was a day of fasting and prayer. They had already obtained a grant of a large tract of land in America.

The Pilgrims decided to stop on their way at Southampton, England. From this place on August 15, 1620, they set sail in two ships, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*.

THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

The two ships had no trouble until the twentieth of September, when there arose a terrible storm that lasted three days. Somehow the ships were kept near each other, although the wind was so strong and the waves were so high that part of the time one boat could not be seen by the people on board the other.

When at last the storm ceased, the people on board the *Speedwell* were sure that it had sprung a leak and was no longer safe. Finally it was decided to return to Plymouth, where the *Speedwell* was left and most of the Pilgrims were taken on board the *Mayflower* and the voyage was resumed.

It was not until the ninth of November that they saw land. To-day our great ships cross the ocean in less than a week. These Pilgrim Fathers, as they sometimes have been called, had been more than two months on the stormy sea. We can understand what their feelings must have been when they saw before them the land which since has been named Cape Cod.

There were no friends to welcome them. There was not even a house to shelter them

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from the storm. Among the trees there might be wild animals, and the Pilgrims already had heard of the Indians, who were said to be more cruel than the beasts.

At last, after a long search, they found a harbor where the people could land. Before a landing was made, however, they sent ten of their bravest men ashore to find out about the country along the rocky coast.

These ten men, after they had walked about three miles into the woods, suddenly saw five Indians before them. And what strange beings each party thought the others were! The Indians were armed with bows and arrows and their clothing was made of the skins of animals.

The Pilgrims tried to show these red men that they were friendly, but just as soon as they started toward them, the Indians, with a terrible yell, turned and ran as fast as they could go.

The ten Englishmen then set up a little camp. After they had selected guards for the night the rest of them went to sleep.

THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

When morning came the white men followed the footprints of the five Indians they had seen. They were hoping to find some place where they might get a fresh supply of food.

About noon they came to some ground that had been cleared and near this they saw a pond of fresh water and several little mounds, but still they did not see any people. They thought these mounds might be graves of the Indians.

When they went a little farther west they saw a field with stubble on it which looked as if corn of some kind had been cut there not long before. As they went on still farther, they saw more of these little mounds and began to suspect that they were places in which food had been stored and were not graves.

At last they examined one of the mounds, and to their joy they found it full of ears of corn (maize). They had never seen any corn before. Some of them, even after they had tasted it, thought it was not good to eat. Only a few believed that they had found anything of value.

The men now decided to go back to the ship and tell their friends what they had found.

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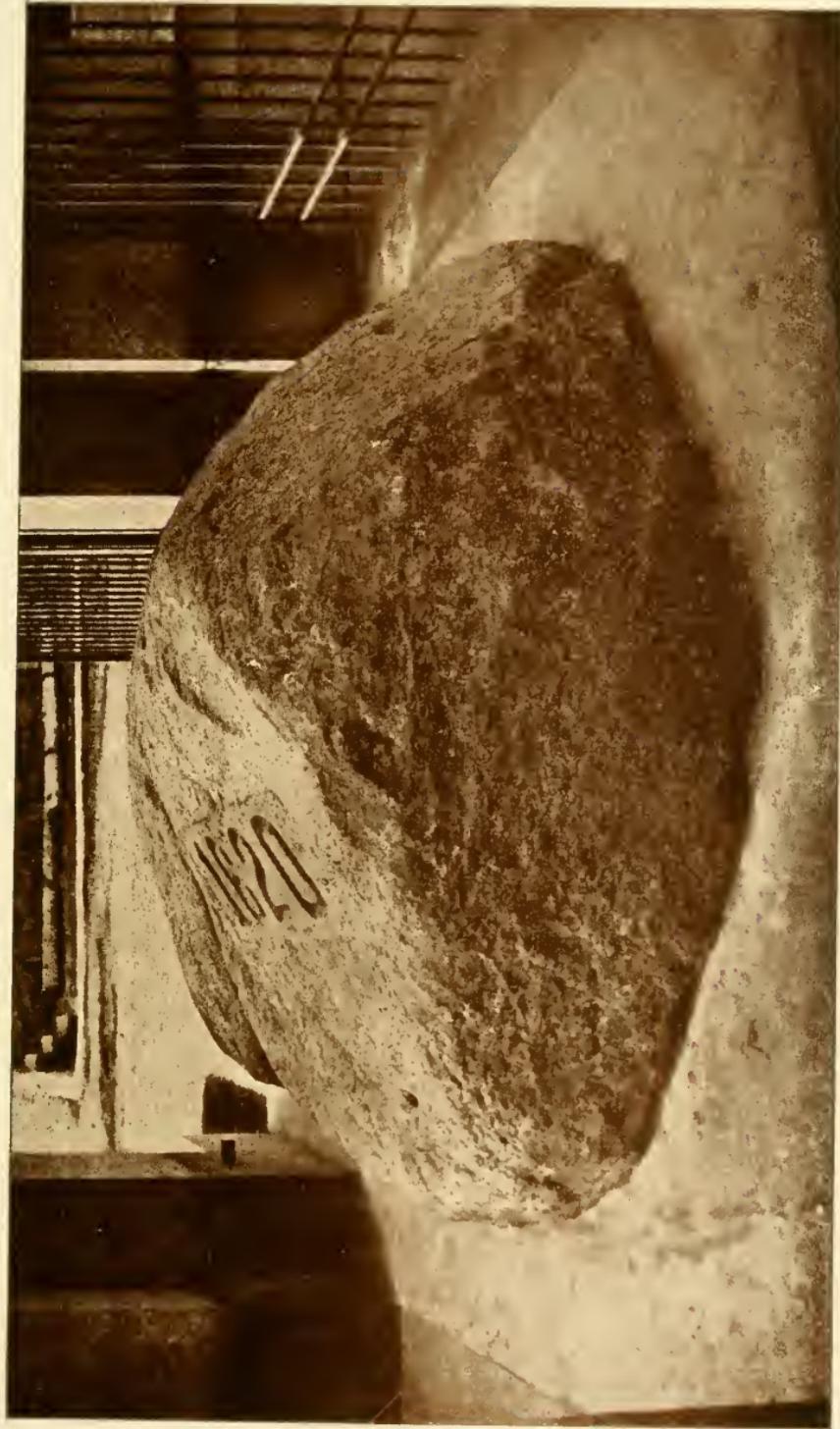
They also showed them the corn they had brought and reported that near where they had found it there was a good place to land.

This landing place was Plymouth Rock, where the one hundred and two storm-tossed people, made their landing, December 21, 1620.

Already the Pilgrims had selected John Carver to be their governor for one year. A few laws were made which all were to obey.

The first task of the Pilgrims after they landed on Plymouth Rock was to erect a few rude houses to shelter them from the winter, which now was more severe than any they had ever known in their homes beyond the sea.

Soon another party of men was sent in a shallop to examine what seemed to be a deep bay on the shore of which they had landed. Not long after the men left their friends they saw a large party of Indians on the shore cutting up a great fish. Governor Carver quickly told his friends to go to the place, but as soon as the Indians saw them coming, with a wild yell, they ran away. The English then landed and kindled a fire upon which they cooked the



PLYMOUTH ROCK



THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

fish, which the red men had left behind them in their flight. While they were making a place in which they might sleep that night, they left their guns in their boat a short distance away.

Suddenly a large band of Indians came near and sent a shower of arrows upon the white men. The Pilgrims were so surprised that they were ready to run, but Governor Carver told them that if they did so they would surely all be killed. So he ordered them to keep close together and to go slowly toward their boat. If the Indians should attack them they were to fire as soon as they secured their guns.

Just as soon as the Indians saw the white men retiring from the place, they rushed from behind the trees and made ready with their clubs and hatchets to attack the Pilgrims.

The white men by this time had secured their guns and quickly turned and discharged them at the attacking party. Three or four of the red men fell to the ground. Instantly the other Indians stopped and in astonishment stared at their fallen companions. Then, with another yell, they all fled from the place. The Pilgrims

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said that "the wild yell could be heard three miles."

The white men at once went back to their friends. They were all now agreed that it was better to plan to stay for some time at Plymouth, or New Plymouth, as they called the place where they had landed.

The winter was very cold and many of the Pilgrims died. When spring came there were so few remaining that the Indians might easily have killed them all.

One day, late in the following March, to the surprise of the Pilgrims, an Indian came to Plymouth and spoke to them in broken English. How he had learned their language the white men did not understand. The Indian himself then told them that he came from a part of the country to which a few white men had come and that from them he had learned a few words of English.

We may be sure that the Pilgrims were glad to find some one who could help them, and they sent the Indian away after they had given him presents. The next day he came back with

THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

the great sachem, or chief, Massasoit, and several other chiefs. To them also the Pilgrims gave presents, which the Indians thought were of great value.

Soon the great sachem and the Pilgrims made a treaty in which it was agreed that the English and the Indians would be friends. The red men were to provide the white men with food for which the latter were to pay.

How much the Pilgrims suffered in that first winter in America no one can describe, but still they did not give up the purpose for which they had come.

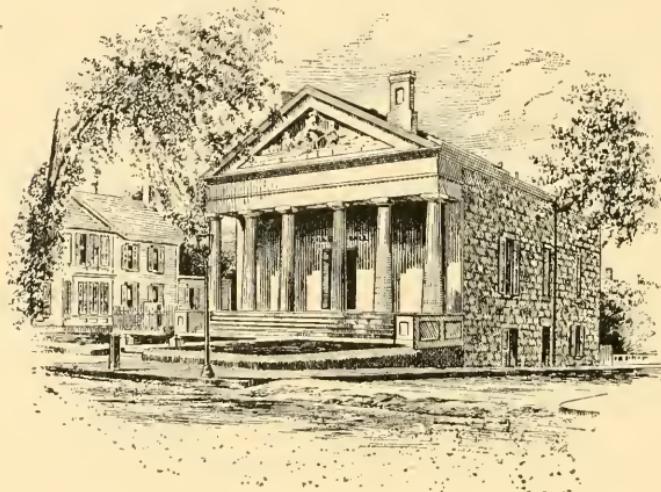
To-day, America is a country in which every man is free to worship God in the way he thinks right. Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims landed, is honored as a place where religious freedom was brought to America. The Rock itself was moved in 1775 by some patriots who wanted it placed in Liberty Pole Square in Plymouth, so that it might be “near the guard house, the church and the Liberty Pole.”

The Rock was removed from its place by large screws. While the men were trying to place it

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on the wagon the Rock broke. Some people said this was an omen of the break that was to come between Great Britain and her colonies in America.

Captain Cotton, with his men to help him and with twenty yoke of oxen, at last carried Ply-



Plymouth Hall

mouth Rock to Liberty Pole Square. There the Rock remained until the fourth of July, 1834, when it once more was moved to a spot in front of Pilgrim Hall and an iron fence was built around it. In the procession, which marched

THE GREATEST ROCK IN AMERICA

when Plymouth Rock was moved the second time, was a model of the *Mayflower* that was drawn by six boys.

Mr. Stickney, of Baltimore, Maryland, in 1880, gave the money to have Plymouth Rock taken back to its old home on the “sea beat shore.” The broken pieces were cemented together. There the greatest rock in America stands to-day.

CHAPTER II

THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION

TRAVELERS say that Washington is one of the most attractive cities of the world.

When we leave our train at the Union Station, we find that even the railroads have joined in adding to the attractiveness of the nation's capital. The immense Union Station of white granite is six hundred and thirty feet long. The grounds, or plaza, in front of it are filled with flowers, shrubs and fountains.

It was by the advice of George Washington that the present location was selected for the capital of the new nation. What was called the Federal District of Columbia, which consisted of one hundred square miles, was set apart for this purpose. The foundation of the capitol building was laid in 1793. Washington became the seat of government in 1800.

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A part of the land was ceded by Maryland and a part by Virginia. Later, in 1846, the land which had been granted by Virginia was given back to that state, so that to-day the District of Columbia covers only sixty-nine square miles.

Washington, in 1871, ceased to be governed like other cities in our country. At that time it was governed like our territories. Three years later the laws again were changed, so that now the affairs of the District of Columbia are administered directly by the President and the Congress, by means of a board of commissioners.

The people who live here do not vote. They have no part in or voice in governing, or even in the control of the city in which they live. They do not belong to any state. This seems very strange. After nearly eighty-five years had passed, this method, for many reasons, was found to be the best.

At first it was planned to make Federal City the name of the new capital. However, in 1791, it was decided to call it Washington.

There is not very much commerce or manu-

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facturing in the city because about forty thousand of the people that live there, including the officers in the Army and Navy, are employed by the United States.

If we were to come in the summer time we should find many of the people gone. The weather is very warm and sultry at that time.

We learn, too, that Washington covers ten square miles and that about 350,000 people live here. The streets are very wide and many of them are made of asphalt. They are so laid out that wherever one may stand he is almost certain to see nearby or in the distance beautiful parks, great monuments, or imposing public buildings.

Wherever one goes in the city he is able to see the dome of the Capitol and the top of the Washington Monument. The latter is a great tower of white marble. It was erected in honor of General Washington. The base is fifty-five feet square, and the shaft rises five hundred and fifty-five feet to what, from the ground below, looks like a sharp point. It was completed in 1884.

THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION

Several times men have dropped a baseball from the top of this monument to see if any one standing on the ground below would be able to catch it. One time a professional baseball player succeeded in catching the ball. Why was it so difficult?

The plan on which the city is laid out is quite wonderful. It was designed by a French officer who thought many years ago that the Capitol would be the center of the city and that the streets and avenues would all run out from it. With other cross-streets it would then somewhat resemble the form of a spider's web.

The original plan has been somewhat changed. Some one has said that now it is like "a wheel placed on a gridiron."

The streets which run north and south are numbered. Those which run east and west are named from the letters of the alphabet. The names of the thirteen original colonies appear on the different avenues. Pennsylvania Avenue, for example, is in some respects the chief street, at least it is one of the busiest. On New Hampshire Avenue, Connecticut Avenue,

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Vermont Avenue, Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street there are many fine residences.

From the station, travelers pass through a beautiful park that covers fifty acres and then they go up a little hill to the Capitol. This wonderful building has a great dome that can be seen many miles away. It is two hundred and sixty-eight and one-half feet high, and on the top of it is a figure of Liberty that is almost twenty feet high.

The main building is of sandstone that has been painted white. The two great wings of the building are white marble. The Capitol covers three and one-half acres and is seven hundred and fifty-one feet long.

When it was first built it was thought that the city would grow in just the opposite direction from that in which it since has grown. Because of this change, instead of the Capitol facing the city in accordance with the original plan it really stands now with its back to it and looks the opposite way. Altogether, the building cost more than \$16,000,000.

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There are three porticos on the front, of which naturally the chief is in the center. You will be certain to stop to examine some of the marble statues that have been placed there. Among these is a heroic figure of Columbus; another represents the discovery of America and another the settlement of America. Here, too, is the place where the ceremony of the inauguration of the President of the United states is held.

When we enter the building we stop first in the rotunda. This is a vast, circular, open room beneath the dome. The first ceiling that we can see is one hundred and eighty feet above us. Across the rotunda the distance is six feet greater than from the home plate to the first base on a baseball diamond.

On the walls are beautiful paintings which picture important events in the history of the United States. Among these we are most interested in the Landing of Columbus, the Sailing of the Pilgrims, the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Cornwallis, and still another which represents Wash-

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ington resigning his commission as commander of the Continental Army.

There are many visitors going up the stairway to the Whispering Gallery. There, even a whisper can be heard on the opposite side of the rotunda. Stairs lead up to the top of the dome where one can look down upon the city which spreads out before him, seen, and yet partly concealed by the trees.

An interesting visit is to the room which contains many statues. To this room every state in the Union is permitted to send statues of "two of her chosen sons." One of the chosen "sons" of Illinois is a woman, Miss Frances E. Willard.

We leave this Hall and go through the long corridor to the Hall of Representatives. Any one is free to visit this room before noon. When the Congress is in session it meets at that hour, and then only the galleries are open to visitors. There is room for 2,500 visitors at a time.

As we look down we see that there is a desk for every member. There are beautiful

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frescoes on the walls, and portraits of Washington and Lafayette are hanging one at the right, and the other at the left of the Speaker, as the presiding officer is called. This is the place where the laws of our land are made.

One party in Congress has seats on one side of the great room and the other party is seated on the other side. One of the Congressmen is now making an address. At first it seems to us that it cannot be very interesting because so few seem to be paying any attention to the speaker. We are told that this is quite common and that the members depend more upon what they read than upon what they hear to help them to decide how to vote.

We now go to the room in which the Supreme Court of the United States meets. This is the highest body of judges in all our land. The nine men are impressive in their robes. They all seem to us to be men of great ability and character.

Through a corridor is the way to the Senate Chamber. As the Senators are fewer in number than the Congressmen the room in which

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they meet is not so large as the Hall of Representatives. The man who presides is the Vice-President of the United States. In little spaces in the walls there are marble busts of all the men who have held that office. There are paintings and statues also on the staircase which interest us when we leave the Senate Chamber.

The next building we visit is the Library of Congress. When we are told that there is room for five million books in this building we are not surprised. This imposing building is four hundred and seventy feet long and three hundred and forty feet wide. If you will think of the amount of ground covered in this way you will get some idea how immense the great Library of Congress is. A copy of every book published in the United states is supposed to be sent to this library. Already nearly two million books are on the shelves. Besides the books there are hundreds of manuscripts, prints, pieces of music and maps stored in the Library of Congress.

Any person may use these books, but unless he is a member of Congress or holds a certain

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office he may not take any book from the building. More than three hundred people are employed in this library. The walls are adorned with paintings by famous American artists such as Vedder, Alexander and others. There are also frescoes and bronze statues by such famous American sculptors as McMonnies and Saint-Gaudens.

Among the other places of interest which we visit are the Botanic Gardens. The beautiful Bartholdi Fountain causes us to stop for a little while to look at it before we go on to the wonderful Palm-house and the conservatories. Of course we go to the building of the United States Fish Commission and see the aquarium in which not only are there many strange fishes, but there also little fish are hatched and shipped to different parts of the country.

Another day we go to the great brick building of the National Museum where there are wonderful collections of natural history, geology, etc.

Most visitors surely go to the Smithsonian Institution. Its nine lofty towers and the red

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stone of which it is built are very beautiful. Mr. Smithson, who gave the money for the Institution, was an Englishman. He never came to America. We are told that the reason for his great gift was that he enthusiastically believed in the life and future of the new nation. He died many years ago, but we wish it were possible for him to see how much his generous gift has accomplished.

In this building there are wonderful collections of birds, insects, shells, etc. Many of these have been arranged especially for the children to study.

One of the most interesting collections of all is that of Indian relics and of the pipes and various implements of stone or bone or copper from the mounds of the western parts of our country. We are surprised when we are told that in Edinburgh, Scotland, and also in the British Museum in London, there are more complete collections of bows, arrows, head-dresses, cooking-utensils and other implements that show how the North American Indians once lived, than can be found in any similar col-

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lections in the United States. Our friends across the sea have been more interested, or at least they began to collect earlier than we did.

Next to the Capitol the building which most interests us is the White House. This is the stone mansion painted white in which the President of the United States has his home. The great porch at the entrance, with its tall columns, is most imposing. The entire building is plain, and both inside and out is impressive.

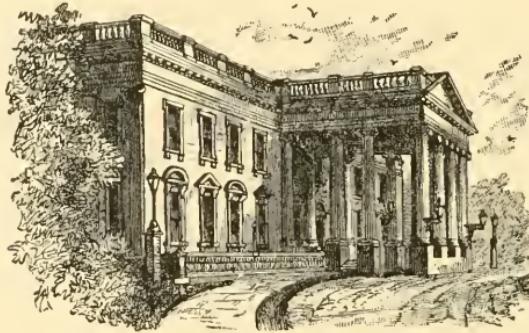
The cornerstone was laid by General Washington. John Adams was the first president to live in the White House. He moved into it in 1800. The building, with others, was burned by the British in the War of 1812, and has since been restored and improved.

Between the hours of ten and two any one may visit the East Room of the White House. This wonderful room is eighty feet long, forty feet wide and twenty-two feet high. If we have received special permits we may also go to the reception rooms, which are beautifully furnished. There we can see portraits of the presidents and many of the valuable gifts they

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received. The permit also will take us to the dining-room. All the rest of the house belongs to the President and his family and we may not visit it.

There are seventy-five acres in the grounds adjoining the White House. Here, every year at Eastertime hundreds of children gather for



The White House

the rolling of colored eggs. In the summertime, too, on Saturday afternoons, the people assemble here to listen to the concerts given by the Marine Band.

The huge building to the west of us contains quarters for the Department of State, Navy Department and the War Department.

The Treasury Building is an enormous

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structure and is striking because of the long colonnades on its front and the porticos on three of its sides. In its silver vaults there is coin and bullion worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Other rooms are the United States Cash Room and the Redemption Division. On the second floor are the quarters of the Secret Service Division. Here there is a complete collection of all the various kinds of counterfeit money as far as they have been found. There are also pictures of many men who have tried to counterfeit the money of our country.

Among the many other notable and interesting buildings in Washington are those of the New National Museum, the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. In the last you will be especially interested in seeing how our paper money, bonds and stamps are made. The Census Bureau and the Pension Office also are of great interest. In the Dead-letter Office Museum are shown many strangely directed letters. Perhaps these letters more properly may be said to have

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been misdirected, for the people for whom they were intended cannot be found. To this place letters that are incorrectly addressed in any part of our land are sent.

In the great white marble building of the Corcoran Gallery of Art we find nearly three hundred people who are studying or copying the pictures in the gallery. The list of famous paintings, sculptures and bronzes here is a very long one.

Not far from the Corcoran Gallery is the new Continental Hall, which the Daughters of the American Revolution have built, and also nearby is the new building of the International Bureau of American Republics.

The Patent Office, with its upper floor filled with the wonderful collection of models, is a place of special interest to all who have tastes for mechanics.

In Washington, too, is the office of the Carnegie Institution whose object is to advance scientific research.

Washington, with its wide and well kept streets, its beautiful parks and gardens, its im-

THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION

posing residences and wonderful government buildings ought to be seen by every American. Not only will any American be better able to appreciate the nation of which he is a part, but he will also be proud of the nation's Capital.

CHAPTER III

MOUNT VERNON

NOW that we are in the nation's capital we must not depart until we have seen Mount Vernon. This was Washington's home. There he and Martha Washington, his wife, were buried. There we shall see the very house in which the first president dwelt. There, too, we shall stand in the rooms in which he lived and see the table at which he ate, the quarters in which his negro slaves were kept, the room in which he died, and the place where his body now lies. Indeed, the love of country, the courage, devotion and honesty of the great man, who is rightly called the Father of his Country, will all be appreciated more fully after a visit to the place which was his home.

There are two ways by which we can leave Washington for Mount Vernon, which is only fifteen miles away. There are trolley-cars and

MOUNT VERNON

steamboats. We shall go by the former and return by the latter.

Soon we leave behind us the great city, though the lofty Washington Monument and the high dome of the Capitol long stand out clearly against the sky.

On our way we stop at the little city of Alexandria, where our guide takes us to Christ Church and shows us the pews in the quaint old building in which Washington, and afterwards Robert E. Lee, used to worship. The old Braddock House, in spite of its crumbling condition, interests us because General Braddock had his headquarters there away back in 1755.

The house, however, which interests us most of all is Marshall House. Here young Colonel Ellsworth died. He was the first man to be killed in the Civil War. He was a brave young Zouave, and his death produced a great effect upon the people of the North.

Alexandria, in fact, is more closely linked with the Civil War than with the Revolution. Here is a great City of the Dead, the national cemetery, where lie the bodies of four thousand

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW
men who gave their lives in the struggle of the
'60's.

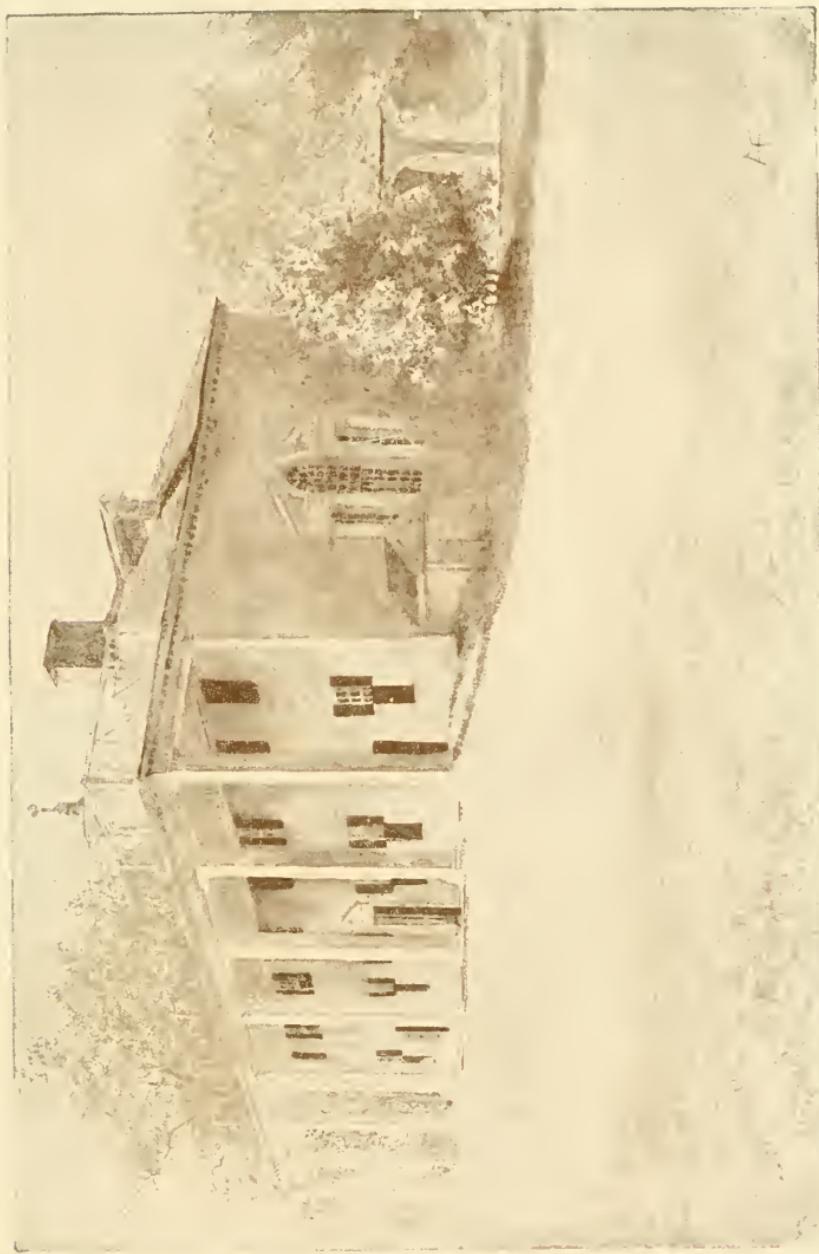
In our ride from Alexandria to Mount Vernon we are carried through the open fields. We pass many farms. Here and there along the trolley line are little platforms or stations for the convenience of the people who wish to send produce to the city.

At the end of our journey we see an old-fashioned wooden mansion before us. This then is Mount Vernon! The impressive building stands on a bluff, which is about two hundred feet above the Potomac. When we go up to the mansion we stop outside to obtain the beautiful view of the river and the country which spreads out before us.

We are now looking out upon the same scene which used to greet the eyes of the General every morning. Below, is the great lawn in which grow trees planted by Washington, himself; and lying beyond is the Potomac lazily flowing toward Chesapeake Bay.

We notice the eight high, plain pillars which hold up the roof of the broad veranda. There

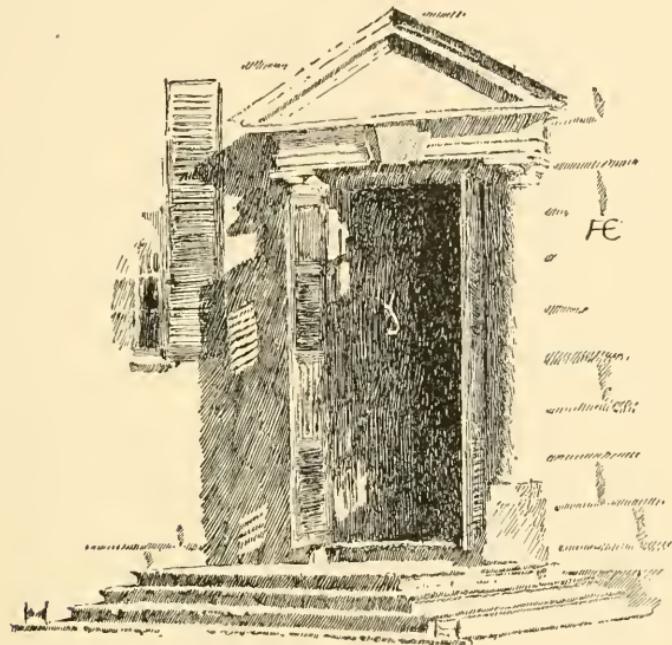
MOUNT VERNON



MOUNT VERNON

are chairs and settees placed here where we may rest if we desire.

The house is ninety-six feet long. Many years ago, in the estate of Mount Vernon, there



Doorway to Mount Vernon on the side farthest from the river

were eight thousand acres. At first it was called Hunting Creek. But Lawrence Washington, the older (half) brother of George Washington, who had inherited the estate,

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changed its name to Mount Vernon. He did this because he wished to honor Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence had served in the British Navy.

It will be recalled that George Washington was the eldest of five children and that he was the son of Mary Washington, who was the second wife of his father. George was only twelve years old when his father died. His mother, whom he is said to have resembled, was a very quiet, dignified woman and a strict and good mother. George said that he owed to her all that he had been able to do. Do you know that almost every great man has a great mother?

Mary Washington found her stepson, Lawrence, who lived at Mount Vernon, a very great help to her in the training of her children, as well as in many other ways.

One time, when George was a little boy, like many others, he thought he wanted to go to sea. His mother did not want him to go, but at last she reluctantly gave her consent. The ship was at anchor in the Potomac and George's sea-chest was packed when Lawrence at that

MOUNT VERNON

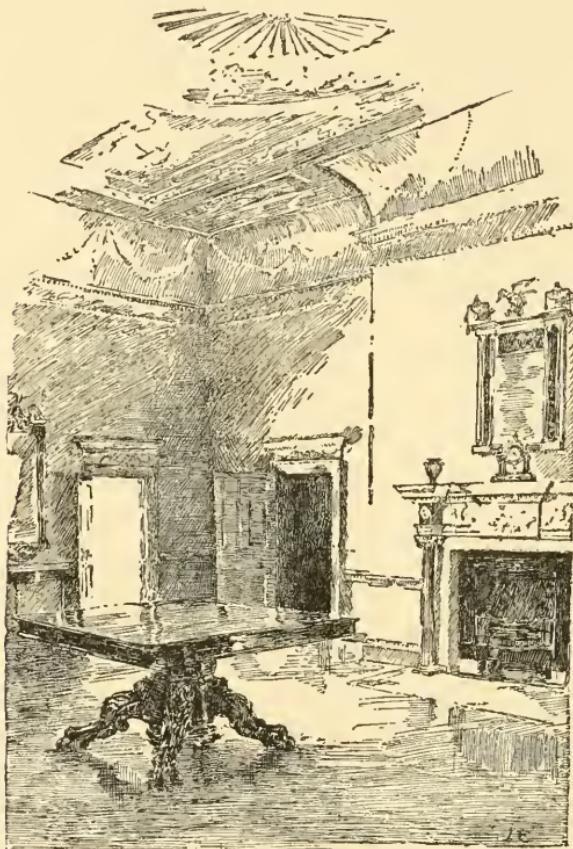
very time came home from England. Upon his urgent advice, Mary Washington withdrew her consent and George did not become a sailor.

When Lawrence died he left the great estate of Mount Vernon to George Washington. That was in 1752. The middle part of the house had been built by Lawrence Washington. George, however, added two wings, which are connected with the main part. In 1859, a body of women, called the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, bought the house and two hundred acres adjoining it. They paid \$200,000 for the property and as nearly as they could do so restored it to what it was in Washington's day.

When we go into the house, at the south end of the first floor we enter the room in which Washington died. Every one in the room now is silent.

We turn away and go to other rooms. In them we find many of the pieces of furniture which were used by the Washington family. Some of these pieces are very quaint and some are very beautiful. In the collection we find the key of the Bastille. Do you know who

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brought to America this key to the famous old
prison in Paris?



Banquet hall added to Mount Vernon by Washington

The old brick barn, back of the house, was
built in 1733, before any of the other buildings

MOUNT VERNON

were erected. In the coachhouse we see the very carriage in which Washington and his family used to ride.

The garden is well kept. We are much interested in the trees on the plantation, not only in those which were planted by Washington, but also in those which Ben Franklin, Jefferson and others set out. For a time we feel almost as if we had stepped back into the eighteenth century.

The spot which many consider the most interesting at Mount Vernon is the Tomb of George Washington. It stands on a slope between the Potomac River and the mansion on the bluff. How plain and yet how beautiful everything here is. There are two monuments, one at the right and one at the left of the entrance. Looking between the bars of the iron gate we see, within the tomb, the two little stones which mark the places where George Washington and Martha, his wife, are buried.

As we turn away from the spot, which to an American is almost sacred, we notice some of the trees nearby. Some of these trees were

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set out by King Edward the Seventh of England, who visited the United States when he was Prince of Wales. Prince Henry of Prussia was another of the many distinguished men of Europe who also planted trees here to keep green the memory of a great man.

It is a beautiful day in autumn. The leaves of the trees are already tinted with bright colors. For a moment we stop to get a last view of the beautiful place, so that we may carry it forever in our memory. The bluff, the quaint old mansion which stands upon it, the old brick barn, the garden and the tomb carry us back to the days when our nation was born. We have seen the home of the good and great leader, who is loved by all Americans. Still he is first in the hearts of his countrymen. And how much our country owes him!

Thoughtfully we make our way to the dock, to return to Washington by the little steam-boat which goes up the Potomac River. Soon the domes and spires of the great city are plainly seen. We are still thinking, however, of the man for whom the capital of the nation

MOUNT VERNON

is named. If we are ever compelled to face difficulties as serious as those in which George Washington led the nation, we hope our leader will be as true and as strong a man as he.

CHAPTER IV

THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES

IS it not strange that the oldest two settlements in our country, although they are fifteen hundred miles apart, were made by the same people—the Spaniards? Both towns, too, were not within the limits of the United States when our country was young. These places are St. Augustine, Florida, founded in 1565, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, founded in 1582.

The Spanish explorer, Ponce de Leon, when he was searching for the Fountain of Youth, landed in Florida, in 1512, not far from the spot where St. Augustine now stands. He did not at that time, however, try to found any city there, although the Spaniards at once claimed the country.

Many years had passed when afterward King Philip of Spain heard that some of the French

THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES

people that had fled from their homes in the Old World, had settled in Florida. The king immediately sent an army to drive them out. After his soldiers had done his bidding, they built a fort and founded the town which they named St. Augustine.

The Spaniards, however, soon had to fight the English who tried to drive out the Frenchmen. Later, there were many battles with the English, the French, the people from Carolina and Georgia and also with the Indians. Several times the little town was besieged or set on fire.

Once more St. Augustine was taken, when, in the Civil War, some Union troops from Port Royal captured it in 1862. It is doubtful whether any city in America has been captured so many times.

St. Augustine, with all the rest of Florida, was ceded to Great Britain in 1763, but was given back to Spain twenty years later. At that time there were about fifteen hundred white people and nine hundred negroes living in the little place.

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Late in 1821, all of Florida was ceded to the United States, and since that time St. Augustine has belonged to us. Several years passed, however, before the place began to grow. The Indians (Seminoles) in Florida carried on a long war with the United States and it was not until they were defeated that very many people from the North came to the city.

In this war the Indians had a great chief named Osceola. The redmen used to hide in the Everglades, or great swamps in the southern part of Florida, from which they would steal forth to attack the white soldiers. These Everglades are really many low islands in a great shallow lake, covering nearly eight thousand square miles. The water in this lake in many places is only one foot in depth and in its deepest places it is not more than six feet deep.

All around these islands the water is very clear and in it there are many fish. A few Seminole Indians still live in the Everglades, but not many white men go there. The water is so shallow that in many places only little

THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES

boats or canoes can be used. From the trees great loops of moss are hanging.

It is said that Florida was given its name by Ponce de Leon, because he first saw it on Easter Sunday, in 1512, and he named it from the Spanish word which means "The Land of Flowers."

It is also said that the Spaniards were the first to plant oranges in the state. Not long ago, nearly five million boxes of oranges were sent from Florida every year. Strawberries, cotton, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, lumber, sponges and many other sources of wealth are found in the state.

When one walks about the streets of St. Augustine he finds many of them very narrow. Some of the houses also are very old and have balconies that extend out over the streets. It is claimed that the house opposite the barracks is the oldest in America.

How strange some of these houses appear to a visitor from the North! The buildings are made of a rock which itself is made up of countless tiny shells. This rock is called coquina. The old fort, San Marco (now Fort Marion),

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the city gates and walls, and the great sea wall along which one can walk a long way, are all very striking because the white or gray stone of which they are built is so distinct among the



The Oldest House in St. Augustine

brilliant colors of the semi-tropical flowers that are growing on every side.

Along the Plaza, by the Alameda, are striking new houses built in the style used by the Spaniards many years ago. Perhaps the most beautiful of all are the buildings and the grounds of the great hotels. One of these is

THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES

five hundred and twenty feet long and has towers one hundred and sixty-five feet high.

At the end of this street, is the sea wall on which there is a fine walk three-quarters of a mile long.

Turning back to St. George Street, we pass the imposing city buildings and come to the end of the street at the City Gate. For a moment we might fancy we were in one of the old cities in Europe, so many of which have walls and gates. All that remains of this gate, however, are the two pillars twenty feet high and some pieces of the wall beyond. These also were built of coquina.

We go on to Fort Marion which we find was built of the same strange stone. This old fort was completed in 1756. One hundred years passed while it was being built. When the Spanish general first came to St. Augustine, the fort which he erected was of wood. Perhaps it would stand almost as well, however, before our modern guns as would the walls of this white stone.

We cross over the drawbridge and our guide

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calls our attention to the Spanish coat-of-arms over each end of the bridge. We see also some strange Spanish words carved there, but we do not know what they mean.

We are taken next to the chapel and then to the dungeon of the old fort. Here we see the casement from which the Seminole chief, Coacoochee, leaped and escaped. He was shut in this dungeon with Osceola when the Seminoles were making their long war on the United States.

If we wish, we can row or sail on the beautiful harbor or river; or at the foot of King Street we can cross the bridge to Anastasia Island. There we can visit the quarries, from which the coquina stone is cut, and go on to North Beach, of which visitors who ride or drive are very fond.

In the winter, there are ten thousand people living in St. Augustine. When summer comes only about half as many are there. The little city is a winter resort. It has a very mild climate and is in the midst of a great fruit region and is so near the sea that it is a very at-



THE GATE AT ST. AUGUSTINE

THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES

tractive resort. It has been said that St. Augustine makes most of its money from its cigars and its tourists.

What an unusually interesting place it is! How different its buildings and streets are from those of the North! We are proud of the interesting little city and are glad it belongs to the United States.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

THE first English settlement was at Jamestown, in Virginia. It was founded in 1607. The oldest settlement in our country, however, is not the first. Does not that seem strange? Many years before this time (1607) the Spaniards tried to establish a settlement on the James River, but failed. In 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh sent from England two little boats filled with people who tried to make a home on Roanoke Island, North Carolina. They were soon starved out, however, and went back to England.

Two years later, Sir Walter Raleigh helped more people to come to America to establish another colony on the same island, but they were lost. Not even a trace of the colony or the colonists was ever found, although for three

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

years a search was made. Among the hundred or more people that were lost was a little girl named Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents born within the limits of what is now the United States. So the oldest settlement is not always the first, as you will see.

A body of Englishmen had formed what was called the London Company. Their purpose was to send people to the New World who were to make money for the company. The people who first came to Jamestown were sent by this London Company. After they had sailed fifty miles up the crooked James River, they landed and made their homes at Jamestown.

The most important leader of these settlers was Captain John Smith. He was a very bold and shrewd man. He helped the people very much in their wars with the Indians, and he made many discoveries in the nearby country. He was, however, a man who told some wonderful stories, not all of which are believed to-day.

Among the stories he told was one that one

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time when he had been captured by the Indians, they decided to beat out his brains with a war-club. Just as he was about to be killed, Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian chief, Powhatan, threw herself upon the prisoner and by her pleading induced her father to set free the white captain. It is known that there was an Indian girl of that name. She married a white settler, and later made a visit to England, where she died. It was during this visit that Captain John Smith first told his wonderful story.

The people of Jamestown had a very hard time for at least ten years. Sometimes they almost gave up and were ready to go back home to England. Their supplies had to be brought three thousand miles. Two years after they came, there was one year so severe that they called it the "Starving Time." The Indians were not friendly, and, besides, many of the men that had come did not want to work. Captain John Smith, however, forced them to work, with the result that very few of the colonists liked him.

In 1609 he went back to England. He was

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too restless to stay away very long, however, and in 1614 he returned and made a voyage along the coast of what he named New England.

After the people of Jamestown began to raise tobacco, the little colony soon began to prosper. Tobacco was really the money of the people. They paid for everything they bought in so many pounds of tobacco. One pound was worth from two to twelve cents of our money. They could buy six times as much, however, as we can buy with the same sum.

Pretty soon the people of Jamestown began to build their own boats and engage in commerce with England. From this time the colony was highly prosperous. When the Declaration of Independence was signed, Virginia had become the richest and most important of the thirteen colonies.

At that time, Virginia included the present states of Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky. She claimed also that her territory ran up into the "west and northwest," so that the western part of Pennsylvania and the present

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states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin really belonged to her. Her claim, however, was not allowed.

In 1624, the King took back the colony of Virginia from the London Company. There were some troubles afterward between the colonies and the people in England, but in 1673 the new king, Charles II, made a present of the colony to one of his court favorites. Nine years later, however, he again took back his gift. Because of this fact Virginia called herself the King's "Ancient Dominion." She claimed that she had been loyal all the time. To-day the state is often called the Old Dominion.

The settlers at Jamestown had frequent troubles with the Indians, but not so many as some of the people farther north had. There were two Indian wars. In the first, about three hundred and fifty settlers were killed and in the second about three hundred. These wars were with the Indians of Virginia, who ceased to make trouble after they had been defeated in the second war.

Some years afterward, the governor and a

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

few of his friends got all the powers of the government into their own hands. Meanwhile, the Indians of Maryland had been making war upon the Virginia settlers. One young Virginia planter, named Bacon, raised troops among the settlers. He then compelled the unpopular governor to fight the Maryland Indians, and at last he forced the governor out of Jamestown.

In this war, Jamestown was burned and never was rebuilt. Williamsburg became the capital. The war was fiercely fought, but Bacon died very suddenly in the midst of the struggle and then the war abruptly ended. The angry governor promptly hanged twenty-two of the "rebels," and was very harsh in his dealing with the people of the colony.

"The old fool," exclaimed King Charles angrily when he heard of the action of the governor, "has taken more lives in that naked country than I did for the murder of my father!"

To-day, a visitor at Jamestown goes ashore on a long landing when he leaves the steam-

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

boat. As he looks about him he sees not far back from the river the ruins of the ivy-grown tower of the old church which the settlers built more than three hundred years ago.

Near the tower are the crumbling tombstones of some of the daring people who died there in those far-away days. A few scattered houses also are to be seen in the distance, but they are all quite modern. Silence now rests over this entire region, which, in 1607, was the scene of the struggles, sufferings and deeds of the first English people to settle in America.

The country around the settlement is very attractive. The river in front winds in and out on its way to the sea. From the bank of the James one can watch the steamboats coming from Richmond on their way to Norfolk or Newport News. There are many little oyster boats also on the river. There is over all, however, such a calm that it is hard to believe that Jamestown was once the scene of so many activities.

From Jamestown we drive a few miles across the country to Williamsburg, which, until the

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

American Revolution, was the capital of Virginia, after Jamestown was burned.

On our way, we pass numerous plantations and recall that in the early years a few people in Virginia were very rich and many were very poor. Some of the houses on these great plantations stand far back from the road, and the driveway sometimes leads across or along the borders of the plowed fields.

We see many negroes as we go on. Peering out of a window or running out of the doorway of a small house, are many little pickaninnies, whose dark eyes are shining with interest and on whose dusky faces there usually is a smile. We meet a negro driving an ox and a mule as the team of his wagon.

When we arrive at Williamsburg we are impressed by the quaintness of the little town of two thousand people. The chief street is the Duke of Gloucester Street. It is very broad and extends one mile from the College of William and Mary to the old colonial capital. On this street are some very old buildings. Among those in which we are especially interested are

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

the Poor Debtors' Prison, the old Bruton Parish Church and the Court House, which has been in use ever since it was built in 1769.

The College of William and Mary was founded in Williamsburg in 1692. Three presidents of our country were graduated there. The first buildings erected were destroyed by fire. Those which one now sees on the attractive campus are quite modern. With the exception of Harvard, the College of William and Mary is the oldest college in the United States.

In the early days there were very few villages in Virginia. As most of the people lived on plantations the sons of the owners were sent to schools in England. Indeed, Governor Berkeley publicly said, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing (in Virginia) and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years."

We must not leave this interesting region without going a few miles farther to Yorktown, where the last battle of the American Revolution was fought. Here Lord Cornwallis was besieged by Washington and Lafayette and

THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

their armies, while the fleet of Count de Grasse prevented help from coming in ships to the British.

Cornwallis and his eight thousand redcoats finally surrendered October 19, 1781.

Here, too, in the Civil War, from April 5 to May 4, 1862, General McClellan besieged the little place, for many Confederates were gathered there. The latter, however, departed from Yorktown and the siege was then raised. There was also a battle at Williamsburg a few days afterward, May 5, 1862.

In and about Jamestown, then, have been enacted some of the principal events of our country's history. When one stands near the crumbling ruins of the tower of the old church he recalls the long struggle of the Civil War. He reflects also on the stirring surrender of Cornwallis. And finally, in imagination he sees this as the place where first the handful of English landed in the wilderness to make it their home. What heartaches, what bloodshed, what glory has the country about Jamestown known!

CHAPTER VI

INDEPENDENCE HALL

AMONG the many quaint brick buildings in Philadelphia, there are two that are famous throughout the world. Both of them, too, are very old. Even the parts of the buildings which have had to be repaired have been kept as far as possible just like those which were first made.

The style in which they were built shows plainly that both buildings belong to former days. The quaint brick walls, the windows and stairways, even the ceilings and floors are different from those which are made to-day.

From nine o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon both buildings are open daily to the public. Every year many thousands of people visit them.

One of these buildings is Independence Hall,

INDEPENDENCE HALL

in which the independence of the American Colonies was declared. The other building is Carpenter's Hall, in which the first Continental Congress assembled in 1774.

In order to understand why these quaint, old buildings mean so much to Americans to-day, it is necessary to tell again the story of what took place in them so many years ago.

By 1774, the feeling in the American Colonies against the party in control in Great Britain had become very bitter. What have been called the Four Intolerable Acts (described on page 74), perhaps most of all had made the people in America very angry.

The resentment became so strong that there were many calls for a Continental Congress. "Continental" means general. Before this a colonial congress had met in New York to protest against the Stamp Act. That was nine years before this time and not all the colonies were represented in the assembly. Now, however, the Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. It was properly called a "Continental Congress," because all the colonies, ex-

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

cept Georgia, sent delegates. The Governor of Georgia prevented her people from doing as the other colonies did.

The first Continental Congress assembled in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. The members were very serious and earnest. After they had stated and considered their grievances very carefully, they finally sent an address to Great Britain complaining of their wrongs. They sent also a petition to King George praying for help against the unjust laws. And then they did more. They drew up an agreement which they called the Articles of Association. These articles were signed by many men in every colony. In them the colonists promised one another not to buy any goods from the people of Great Britain or to sell anything to them until the existing laws had been changed.

This first Congress also praised the people of Massachusetts for their courage in resisting the unfair laws. The assembly declared that if the British Parliament should try by force to compel the people of Massachusetts to obey

INDEPENDENCE HALL

these laws, then all the other colonies would use force to help their neighbors in their troubles.

Before the first Congress adjourned, it provided for a call for a new meeting to be held the following May.

The second Continental Congress met in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. This was even a more serious assembly than the former had been. Almost all that the first Congress had done had been to pass resolutions and voice certain protests. This new Congress, however, had to make some new laws. The battles at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill had already been fought, and all the colonists now were greatly excited.

The second Congress declared that the soldiers around Boston now became theirs, and were to be the Continental Army. Congress also promised to raise money with which to pay the expenses of the troops.

There was a keen feeling among the members over the selection of the man to be the commander-in-chief. The men from New England

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

were very strongly in favor of General Artemas Ward, who not long before had been a leader in the wars with the French and Indians.

One morning, Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, a member of the Congress, when he came to Independence Hall found his cousin, John Adams, slowly walking up and down the brick sidewalk in front of the building.

Aware that questions of great importance were to be decided, Samuel Adams said, "What is it this morning, Cousin John?"

"Oh, it is the army, the army! I do not know what to do for a commander."

"Why, General Artemas Ward will be elected!"

"Not so."

"Pray, why not?" inquired Samuel Adams in surprise. "The general is the idol of the New England troops."

"True, but already New England is assuming too much. We must hold the colonies together, or we never shall succeed."

"Whom have you in mind?"

"Colonel Washington of Virginia."

INDEPENDENCE HALL

Later, in the session of Congress, John Adams arose from his seat and in an eloquent speech nominated George Washington to be the commander-in-chief. His cousin, Samuel Adams, as he had promised, seconded the motion.

Washington was a member of the Congress, being one of the delegates from Virginia. At the session he was clad in the uniform of a colonial colonel. Without any knowledge of what John Adams was about to say he sat looking directly at the face of the speaker. When he heard his name mentioned by Adams as the one to be selected for the high office, it is said that his face flushed and tears came into his eyes. He abruptly arose and left the room.

After he had been elected, in a very modest speech he accepted the position. He said also that he would not take any salary for his services. Not long afterward he departed to assume command of the little army at Cambridge.

There were many men in the second Congress whose names to-day are counted among the great Americans.

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From Massachusetts were John Adams, Samuel Adams and John Hancock. The last named sometimes was called “King” Hancock, because as President of the Congress he was very firm in insisting that his own plans should be adopted.

John Jay of New York, Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut were also present. Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris represented Pennsylvania. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Peyton Randolph were delegates from Virginia. From South Carolina came Christopher Gadsden and Henry Laurens.

As the feeling of the colonists grew stronger and the war became more than a fight between a few “farmers” and the British regulars, the Congress was urged to declare the independence of the colonies. Accordingly a committee of five was appointed by the assembly to prepare a Declaration of Independence.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration. The four other members of the committee—John Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Living-

INDEPENDENCE HALL

ston—did very little of the work of preparation. When it was presented to the Congress, John Adams, however, did most of the speaking for it, as Jefferson, although he was a great writer, was not a very eloquent speaker.

After Congress had adopted the Declaration of Independence, it is said the old bell in the tower of Independence Hall was rung a long time. The Declaration also was read to the throng of people that speedily assembled in Independence Square. This square is an open space covering about four acres directly behind Independence Hall.

Naturally, the first building we visit is Carpenter's Hall, where the first Continental Congress assembled. In the old building we see the very chairs that were used by the members in 1774. Many other rare and interesting historical relics are kept there. We are most interested, however, in an inscription on the walls in front of us: "Within these walls Henry, Hancock and Adams inspired the delegates of the Colonies with nerve and sinew for the toils of war."

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

Next we go on to Independence Hall, which is only a short distance away. The old brick building was the state house of the colony of Pennsylvania. At that time the steeple which we now see had not been built. It was added to the building later.

We enter the Hall and turn to the left. We pass to the east room or the real Independence Hall, for there the Declaration of Independence was adopted. This is the birthplace of the United States.

The room has not been much changed since Congress met in it. The floor, however, and some of the old furniture have had to be replaced. On the walls are hanging portraits of nearly all the men who signed the Declaration. An exact copy of the Declaration is kept in this room.

Up one flight of stairs is a gallery of pictures in which are portraits of other famous Americans. We are interested, too, in a piece of the elm tree, beneath which William Penn signed his treaty with the Indians in 1682. Do you know why the Indians made less trouble for the



INDEPENDENCE HALL

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early settlers in Pennsylvania, or at least for the settlers about Philadelphia, than they did for the people in other colonies?

In another room we see two of Penn's chairs; the church-pew and the sofa of Washington; and a wonderful painting, "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," by Benjamin West, a famous American artist. There, too, is a portrait of Martha Washington and also one of Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." In still other rooms are portraits of officers in the Continental Army and of the foreign generals that came to America to help our forefathers fight for their independence.

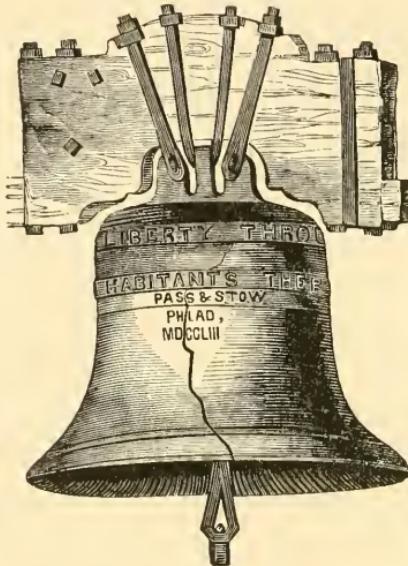
We are much interested also in the portraits of the members of the Convention which met to prepare the Constitution of the new country. This Constitution finally was ratified in June, 1788, when New Hampshire by its vote made the ninth State in favor of it and thereby provided the last vote required. Rhode Island and North Carolina voted against ratifying the Constitution.

On the stairway are hanging portraits of

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King George III and of Lafayette and Chevalier Gerard and other famous men who helped the United States in those trying days.

In the wings of Independence Hall many interesting reliques are kept in a national museum.



Liberty Bell

Here we find many old books, newspapers, posters, costumes, etc. The old and tattered "serpent," or "rattlesnake," flags carried by the Pennsylvania soldiers on their march to Cambridge in 1775, strongly appeal to our patriot-

INDEPENDENCE HALL

ism. And there is Ben Franklin's lightning rod.

Perhaps more than all of these things, however, the sight of Liberty Bell stirs our hearts. This famous old bell is now kept in the little hall back of the staircase and opposite the main entrance of the building.

The bell has not been rung since 1843. It is best known because it was rung to inform the people of Philadelphia soon after the Congress voted, July 4, 1776, that the American colonies were to be an independent nation and no longer were to be a part of the British Empire.

A great crack was made in the bell in 1835, when it was tolled a long time for the funeral of John Marshall, who had been chief justice of the United States.

Liberty Bell was made, or cast, in London in 1752. It was recast after it was brought to this country. The same motto was inscribed on it which was there before, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

CHAPTER VII

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

NEAR a village about twenty miles north of Boston, there is a bridge across the little Concord River. It is a small wooden structure and not very many people cross it in a day. Yet this is one of the most famous bridges in America.

Near one end of the bridge is a bronze tablet on which it is stated that, in the battle fought here in 1775, the first blood was shed in armed resistance to the English King. Here is where the American colonists began their struggle for independence.

It is not quite true that the first blood in the struggle for the independence of the Colonies was shed here. Before this time men had given up their lives in New York City, in North Carolina and elsewhere, fighting for their liberty. It

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

is true, however, that in the fight near this little bridge, the war, which lasted eight years, really began.

Before one arrives at the bridge on his way from Boston he passes through another attractive village, the name of which is often joined with that of Concord. This place is Lexington. Near the common or green in the center of the town there is a beautiful monument on which is recorded the names of the men who fell in battle here, April 19, 1775. On some of the bowlders, or great rocks nearby, one finds bronze tablets commemorating the deeds and men engaged in that conflict.

On the north side of the green stands the old Buckman Tavern. A tablet here informs us that this is the place where the minutemen gathered when they heard that the redcoats were coming. On a nearby street is the quaint, little house in which Samuel Adams and John Hancock were aroused in the middle of the night before the battle, by Paul Revere, when he took his famous "midnight ride" to inform the people of the region that the redcoats were coming. Both

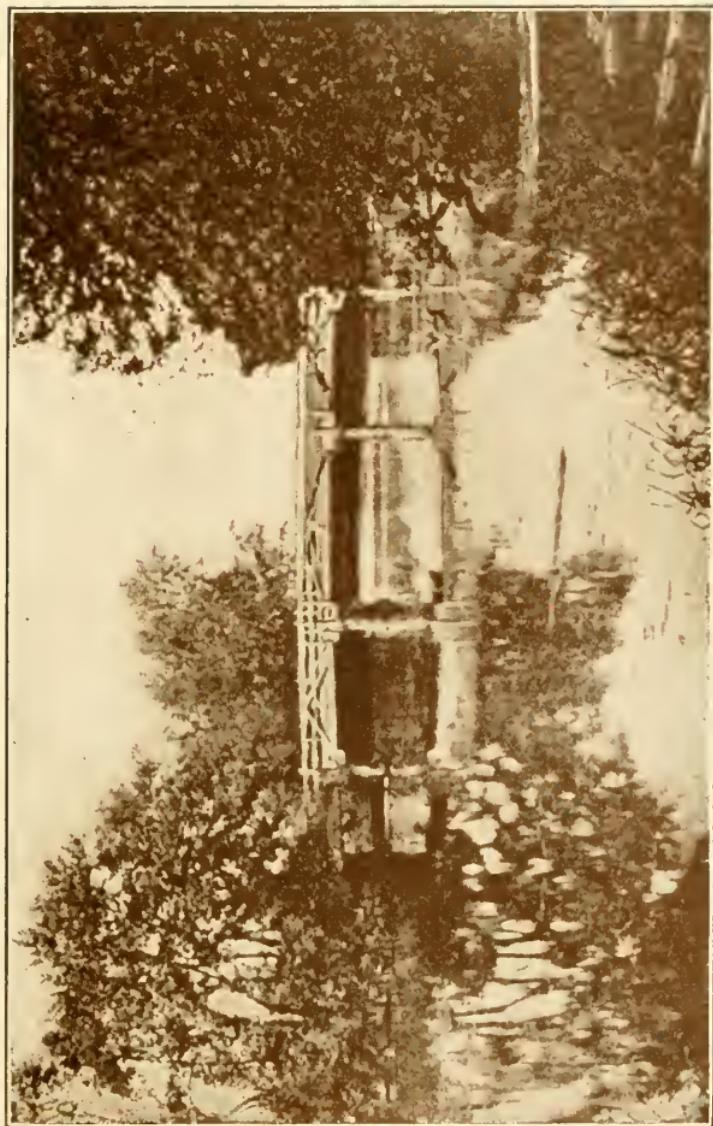
PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

Hancock and Samuel Adams were very active in those early days in their efforts to make the American colonies independent of Great Britain.

After one arrives at Concord he is impressed by the sight of some of the noblest elm trees he has ever seen. Here, too, are houses which every year are visited by many strangers. The places are interesting because they were the homes of some of the foremost writers in America.

Here lived Emerson, who wrote many famous essays. He has been called the sage of Concord. Here is the house in which Horace Mann, the great teacher, lived. Concord was also the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Thoreau, whose names are well known for their writings. Perhaps the house in which Louisa M. Alcott lived is the most interesting of all to American boys and girls. She was the author of "Little Women" and "Little Men." There are also many other attractive houses in the village.

Other places have tablets on them which



THE BRIDGE AT CONCORD

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

record the reasons why Concord is such an interesting village to all Americans. The old Wright Tavern is the place where the British officers were quartered on the morning of the battle. Just beyond the North Bridge is a fine statue of the Minuteman. By the gun in the hands of the man and the plow by his side, Mr. French, who made the statue, shows us how earnest the minutemen were in their efforts to gain their freedom.

All these tablets and statues in Lexington and Concord make us want to know more of the story of the deeds which they record.

Many years ago there was no United States. Then the colonies in America which belonged to Great Britain were having trouble with some of the English leaders.

In 1770 a law was passed in England taking the taxes in the colonies off all articles except tea. This was done not because England did not want the other articles taxed, but to show that she had a right to tax the people in the colonies instead of allowing them to pass laws for themselves.

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The people in America became very angry, and would not drink tea. What is called the "Boston Tea Party" soon took place. Some men dressed as Indians, boarded the ships which had brought tea to Boston and the angry Americans threw into the harbor every one of the three hundred and forty cases in her cargo. The English leaders now lost their tempers and passed, among others, four acts to which they declared the colonists must agree.

The first act forbade all vessels to leave or enter Boston Harbor. The second changed the charter of Massachusetts so that the control of the colony was taken from the people and given to the agents of the King. The third ordered that every American who should commit murder in resisting the tax laws should be sent to England for trial. The fourth made the country north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi a part of Canada.

The people were greatly excited as well as angry. They began to make powder and guns. They were preparing for war.

Early in 1775, the men of Massachusetts had

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

collected powder and arms and had lists of several thousand minutemen. These men were to be enrolled for quick service and were to be ready to march at a “minute’s warning.”

General Gage, who was in command of the British soldiers in Boston, became alarmed by the reports. He began to fortify the neck of land which joined Boston to the mainland. Then he sent spies into the country to find out just what the people were doing.

It was not long before he heard that in the village of Concord, about twenty miles from Boston, much powder and many guns had been collected and stored by the rebels.

General Gage then sent eight hundred soldiers to destroy these supplies. He thought he was moving very secretly, but some people in Boston quietly sent word to their friends on the mainland. All through the night men were riding about the country, calling for the minutemen to turn out. The poem, “The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere,” by Longfellow, tells how this was done.

On the road between Boston and Concord is

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

Lexington. The British soldiers marched into the little village just before sunrise, April 19, 1775.

When they came to the village green they found about sixty farmers assembled there. Major Pitcairn ordered the redcoats to fire upon the farmers. Eight of the minutemen were killed, many were wounded. The rest fled from the place.

The British then went on to Concord, and after a heroic attempt by the few colonial soldiers that had taken their stand at the little bridge to try to keep the redcoats from crossing, the regulars drove away the minutemen. It was easy then for the redcoats to destroy all the powder and the guns that had been collected. As soon as this had been done they prepared to go back to Boston.

By this time the entire region was up in arms. For miles around, church bells had been ringing wildly and the minutemen were hastening to Concord like bees buzzing around a hive.

The British soldiers withdrew in an orderly way at first, but the farmers meanwhile were

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

firing at them from behind houses, or fences, or rocks along the sides of the road. And the numbers of the minutemen were steadily increasing. They were all good shots, for they had had much practice in hunting. Before the redcoats came back as far as Lexington they were running along the road and the minutemen were chasing them.

At Lexington, nine hundred fresh soldiers from Boston came with cannon to help their comrades. The coming of these fresh troops gave the other redcoats a brief rest. They were so tired that, it is said, "their tongues were hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase."

When the British again started for Boston the minutemen still kept up their pursuit. It was almost night when the British soldiers came back and found shelter under the guns of the ships-of-war. The British had lost two hundred and seventy-three men; and there were eighty-eight minutemen killed.

Many of the minutemen stayed in front of Boston to attack any soldiers who might come

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out. This was the way in which the War of
the Revolution began.

And this tablet at the little bridge over the
Concord River, where the minutemen dared to
stand against the British soldiers, April 19,
1775, is surely one of the places every Ameri-
can wants to know. Here it was that the War
of Independence broke out. This is where “the
embattled farmers stood and fired the shot
heard 'round the world.”

CHAPTER VIII

BUNKER HILL

SOON after the fight at Lexington and Concord, more British soldiers were sent to Boston, until General Gage had ten thousand men under his command. About twice as many minutemen, poorly equipped and without experience, were on the hills of the mainland nearby. They did not have any cannon nor much to eat, and never had been trained for war. Besides, many of them did not have guns, while those that did have them had little powder.

Just north of Boston there is a point of land on which there are several hills. The Americans decided to take and fortify one of them named Bunker Hill.

One night in June, 1775, about fifteen hundred went quietly over to that hill, but they soon decided to pass on until they were on

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Breed's Hill, instead of Bunker Hill, which at first they had intended to fortify. They worked all night long, trying all the time to prevent their enemies from hearing them in their labors. When morning came, June 17, 1775, the British awoke to see a long line of earthworks on the hill above them. At that very time the minutemen were still busily working on their trenches.

The British boats in the harbor began to fire at the working party, but the minutemen did not pay very much attention to them. When noon came, the work was stopped, for at that time the British soldiers were seen coming across the harbor in boats. There were three thousand of these men. In their bright uniforms they presented a very striking appearance when they landed near Charlestown. We wonder what the farmer-soldiers on the hill were thinking when they saw the regulars, as they were called, form in line at the foot of the hill and begin to march up it.

Over in Boston people on the tops of the houses or in the high windows were excitedly

BUNKER HILL

watching to see "whether the Yankee soldiers would fight." Most of the people thought the minutemen would fire a few shots and then run away.

Scarcely a word had been spoken by the waiting Americans. Up the hill steadily and confidently marched the redcoats, who had never been defeated. On they came until they were within fifty yards of the farmers. Then almost a sheet of fire came from the rifles of the minutemen.

When the smoke cleared away many of the British soldiers were lying dead or wounded on the ground, and the rest were running swiftly down the hill.

The British soldiers, however, were not cowards. When they came to the bottom of the hill their lines were formed again there and once more they marched up the hill toward the place where the minutemen were waiting behind their earthworks.

Again there was silence among the farmers. When the lines of redcoats came near, once more a deadly fire was poured into them. This

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time, too, the British soldiers were driven down the hill.

But still they did not give up. The third time they formed and marched up the hill. It is too bad that then the powder of the minutemen was all gone. They could not fire again at their enemies.

When the redcoats came close the minutemen for a brief time fought them with stones and with the stocks of their guns, but the British soldiers had bayonets and it was not long before the hill was taken and the defenders were driven away. The redcoats, however, were too tired to follow the fleeing farmers, most of whom escaped.

Out of the fifteen hundred Americans in the battle four hundred and forty-nine were lost. The British had more than twice as many soldiers in their attacking party, but their loss was more than double that of the minutemen. This struggle was the Battle of Bunker Hill, for the actual name of the hill was not given to the fight.

A few days after the Battle of Bunker Hill,

BUNKER HILL

General Washington came to Cambridge and took command of the army of fourteen thousand Americans that had gathered there from almost all the colonies.

There were many different kinds of flags among the various troops. The most common one had a rattlesnake painted or worked upon it, and bore the motto: "Do not tread on me." Another was the Pine Tree flag. Do you know what that flag was and which troops carried it?

Not all the men had uniforms. Many of the American soldiers wore hunting-shirts that had been dyed brown. Such as could afford them wore outfits of blue and buff. These were the "rebel" colors in the Revolution.

General Washington soon decided to fortify a hill south of Boston just as the minutemen had done on Bunker Hill.

Once more the Americans worked silently and swiftly all night long. When morning came and the British saw the guns on Dorchester Heights threatening them they decided to leave Boston. The soldiers went on board the wait-

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ing British fleet and on March 17 all sailed away
for Halifax.

Throughout the remaining part of the War
of the Revolution the leading battles were
fought outside New England.

To-day one of the most striking sights in
Boston is the Bunker Hill Monument. The



Bunker Hill Monument

Monument was completed
in 1842. It was built so
that people would not for-
get the Battle of Bunker
Hill and the independence
for which the sturdy men
were contending.

The Monument is gran-
ite and is two hundred and
twenty-one feet high. You
can enter it and climb the
two hundred and ninety-
four steps to the extreme top, if you desire.
From the top of the Monument one has a won-
derful panoramic view of Boston, Boston Har-
bor, the Charles and the Mystic Rivers, Cam-
bridge and the Blue Hills beyond.

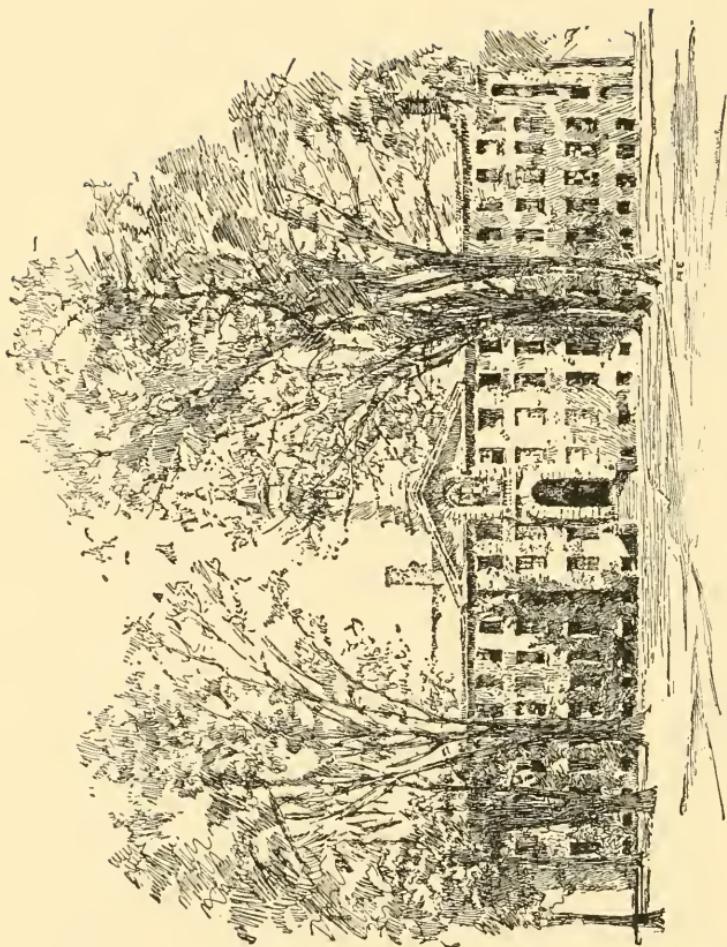
CHAPTER IX

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

TRENTON is a large and busy city. It is the capital of New Jersey, and the gilded dome of its state house can be seen far away. More than one hundred thousand people live in the city.

In Trenton are parks and wide, shaded streets that help to make the city attractive. Boats on the Delaware River sail between Trenton and Philadelphia. In the city are great potteries, wire works, brass foundries and factories. It is one of the oldest cities in New Jersey.

Princeton contains six thousand inhabitants. It is best known as the place where Princeton University is located. This University is one of the oldest in the United States. It was founded at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1746, and was moved to Princeton eleven years later.



Nassau Hall, Princeton

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The college buildings and campus are shaded by great trees and are beautiful and very attractive.

Years ago Princeton University was called the College of New Jersey and often was referred to as Nassau Hall, which is the name of its oldest building. In this building the Congress met from June 16 to November 4, 1783. Here, too, George Washington, when the War of the Revolution was ended, received the thanks of the nation.

Both Trenton and Princeton, however, ought to be known by every young American as the places where battles were fought which were the turning points in the history of our country. In Trenton there stands a high granite shaft, on the top of which is a bronze statue of Washington, who was standing near this spot when he directed his soldiers in the attack on the Hessians. This is called the Battle Monument. All who see it are reminded of the Battle of Trenton. At Princeton, too, there soon is to be an imposing monument in honor of the brave men who fought in the battle there between the Col-

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onists and the soldiers of King George, January 3, 1777. The Battle of Trenton took place a few days before that time. It was fought just before daylight, December 26, 1776.

On the fourth of the preceding July, the American Colonies had declared themselves to be free. That was the birthday of our nation.

Many troubles arose as soon as independence was declared. After the British withdrew from Boston (page 84), Washington with his army went to New York. There, too, a little later, came the British boats and men. The Battle of Long Island (August 27, 1776) was soon fought and in it the Americans were badly defeated.

The New England fishermen in Washington's army safely brought the defeated soldiers in boats across the East River to New York. A heavy fog had settled over the river at that time. If it had not been for this good fortune very likely Washington's little army would have been captured or destroyed.

Then General Howe tried to attack the Continental soldiers in New York. But Washington was very shrewd and cautious, and did his



THE GATE TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

utmost to prevent an engagement. Although battles were fought at Harlem, Fort Washington and White Plains, the British general did not succeed in capturing the "old fox," as he called Washington.

General Charles Lee, whom many believe to be one of the greatest traitors in the history of the United States, was at this time near Peekskill, on the east bank of the Hudson River, in command of a part of the American troops. General Greene was in command of Fort Lee, on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson, nearly opposite Fort Washington in New York.

The Americans placed guards on three sides of Fort Lee. The north side was not so well guarded because the British were in New York and it was not believed they would attack the fort on its northern side.

But that is just what Lord Cornwallis did. In the night, his soldiers were taken in boats up the Hudson River. When morning came they were marching upon Fort Lee on the side which had been left unprotected.

When our soldiers found the redcoats were

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coming, they fled, leaving behind them their breakfast, their tents, and much of their clothing, and hastily started on what has been called the "retreat across the Jerseys."

How heavy the heart of General Washington, the commander, must have been. More of his soldiers were now prisoners in New York than were left in his little army of twenty-six hundred men. He was fighting one of the strongest nations on earth. Do you wonder that many of his soldiers had become discouraged? As the army marched on, men kept dropping from the ranks and the lines became thinner all the way and every day.

But General Washington did not give up. That was something he had never learned to do.

So close was the pursuit that when the American soldiers marched out of Newark they could hear the fifes and drums of the redcoats close behind them.

When Washington came to New Brunswick, he burned the bridge across the Raritan River. He hoped by doing this that he might be able to delay the pursuing force.

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

Washington kept on until, with his army, he had crossed the Delaware River. Then his little force was divided into three parts.

He had sent word to General Charles Lee, on the Hudson, to come to his aid. But Lee did not leave until it was too late to help the great commander and he himself soon afterwards was taken prisoner by the British near Morristown. Lee did not like to live with his soldiers, so he was staying in a little inn outside the camp. When the redcoats learned that he was doing this, early one morning they surrounded the place and easily took him prisoner. Some think that was just what Charles Lee most wanted.

General Gates and General Sullivan came with their few men to the help of Washington, but all together there were not more than six thousand men in the army that the redcoats were pursuing.

When the Americans crossed the Delaware and were no longer in one body, Lord Cornwallis, the leader of the British army, concluded that the end of the war had come. The "rebels," as he called the Americans, had been

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defeated and now had been scattered. He decided to sail back to England. Taking his red-coats, who were the soldiers of the King, and leaving at Trenton the Hessian soldiers, who had been hired by King George to help defeat the Americans, he started for New York.

Washington decided that if he did not do something to help the colonies now it would soon be too late. Many already had given up hope. The soldiers were discouraged and the cause seemed almost lost. Still the great man did not give up.

Christmas night promised to be dark and stormy. General Washington was confident that the Hessians at Trenton would be celebrating the day. The very fact that they were far from home, he believed, would tend to increase their desires to make much of the festivities, just as their families would be doing across the sea.

He planned for General Gates to cross the river at Burlington that night, and told General Ewing to cross the Delaware directly opposite Trenton and attack that town. At the same

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time, Washington, Greene and other officers and soldiers were to cross the Delaware about nine miles above Trenton, and advance upon the place on its northern side.

General Gates begged off, saying that he was ill. General Ewing said the storm and the ice in the river prevented him from crossing. But neither storm nor ice stopped Washington.

At sunset, on Christmas Day, 1776, his little force of twenty-five hundred men began to cross the Delaware. The wind was howling, a severe storm was raging and great blocks of ice were borne swiftly down the river by the strong current. The hardy fishermen from Massachusetts, who had helped the Americans to cross the East River to New York, after the battle of Long Island, now in little boats attempted to row the army across the Delaware. Ten long hours the boats went back and forth from shore to shore, until at last all the soldiers were safe on the Jersey side.

Nine miles still remained between the little army and Trenton. In the face of a blinding storm of snow and sleet, over the half-frozen

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roads, the soldiers marched. They were drenched and cold, their guns were wet, their scanty clothing was stiff with ice, their shoeless feet left bloody marks on the snow, but still they pushed forward. Something of the lion heart of their great leader was now shared by his men.

Washington was not mistaken. The Hessians at Trenton were celebrating Christmas night with noisy songs and shouts and drinking bouts. Colonel Rall himself, the commander of the Hessians, was spending the night at the home of Abraham Hunt.

Hunt was a man who was dealing with both armies and was true to neither. On this particular night he had invited Colonel Rall and a few others to a Christmas supper at his home. Far into the night the officers were playing cards and drinking.

Colonel Rall was about to "deal," when his negro servant, against direct orders, came into the room in which the guests were assembled and thrust a note into the hand of the Hessian officer. The negro tried to explain that the let-

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ter had been brought by a man who had said that Colonel Rall must have it instantly. The note was from a Tory who had seen the Americans marching toward the city. However, Colonel Rall did not stop even to look at the missive, but thrust it hastily into his pocket unread.

In two divisions the Americans approached the town. In a few minutes, with their bayonets they drove back the guards. Very soon they had their cannon so planted that they could sweep the streets of Trenton.

The Hessian colonel now was fully aware of his peril. He rushed from Hunt's house and tried to rally his men. It was too late. Colonel Rall himself was shot, as also were sixteen of his soldiers. Nearly one thousand of the Hessians were made prisoners by the victorious Americans. It is said that the Hessians felt worse because their flags were taken than they did because their men were captured. The American loss was two men killed and two wounded.

Just as soon as Lord Cornwallis, who had gone as far as New Brunswick on his way to New York, heard of the victory at Trenton he

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instantly gave up his plan of sailing for England.

With his soldiers he at once started back toward Trenton.

January 2, 1777, Lord Cornwallis, with eight thousand men, marched out from Princeton on his way to Trenton. At nightfall, when he arrived at the end of his journey, he found the Americans encamped on the opposite side of a little stream that flowed into the Delaware River not far from Trenton. The name of this stream was the Assunpink.

So eager was Cornwallis to capture the "old fox" that he ordered his soldiers at once to cross the bridge over this creek. However, when the Americans poured a fierce fire into the advancing redcoats they quickly drew back. Cornwallis decided to wait until morning before he again should attack his enemy.

"Now," he said confidently, "I have bagged the old fox."

And Washington certainly was a "fox." Bidding his soldiers collect all the rails and boards they could find in the vicinity of their

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

camp, he left a few men to keep the campfires burning through the night. At the same time he with his army started for Princeton, where some of the British soldiers still were stationed.

When he came near to Princeton, he met a body of redcoats that had started for Trenton to join Cornwallis. A battle at once was begun which lasted less than a half-hour. In that brief time, however, Washington succeeded in cutting the British troops into two sections. One part now was running toward Trenton, while the other was going just as fast toward New Brunswick, where the British kept their stores and supplies.

Less than one hundred Americans had fallen in the fierce struggle at Princeton, January 3, 1776. Twice as many redcoats were dead or wounded, and three hundred more were prisoners of the "old fox."

But Cornwallis was a brave man and at once started from Trenton to aid his comrades at Princeton.

The sun, however, was up before the British left Trenton. The hard, frozen roads, over

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

which Washington's men had easily dragged their cannon, were now made soft by the warm sunlight. This fact caused many delays for the determined British forces.

When the redcoats arrived near Princeton their cannon hastily scattered the men who were discovered throwing into the stream the planks of the bridge over Stony Brook.

The redcoats were brave and they quickly dashed through the cold water. But when they entered Princeton the "old fox" and his soldiers were gone!

The victories which Washington won at Trenton and Princeton became a turning point in our history. Without doubt, if these two battles had not been won just then, his retreating army would have scattered. Perhaps his men would have been made prisoners. At any rate hope would have died in the hearts of most of the colonists.

Quickly a change became manifest in the feelings of the people throughout the colonies. The Congress gave Washington powers that made him almost a dictator in the new world. Plans

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were made for increasing the numbers of his troops. The soldiers who had said they must leave the army and go home to care for their families and farms were induced to remain. To every soldier who was willing to enlist for three years, or until the end of the war, one hundred acres of land were promised as a gift.

The country now was ringing with the praises of Washington and his brave men. He had changed the course of American history. And he did more. He taught us all, that, whatever other lessons we may learn, there is one which we never ought to learn, and that is to give up.

CHAPTER X

THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA

THIS is Harvard University. It is located in the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, near Boston. Between Cambridge and Boston trolley-cars are running nearly all the time. If one did not know, he might find it hard to say just where one city ends and the other begins.

Most of these trolley-cars come close to the University Yard. Indeed, Harvard Square, which is close by, might be called the center of the activities of Cambridge.

We find that there are two main entrances to the Harvard Yard. Before we enter, we stop to admire the beautiful gates. Beyond us we see many of the imposing buildings of the University.

Among the many buildings, some plainly are new; others, however, are very old. Perhaps

THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA

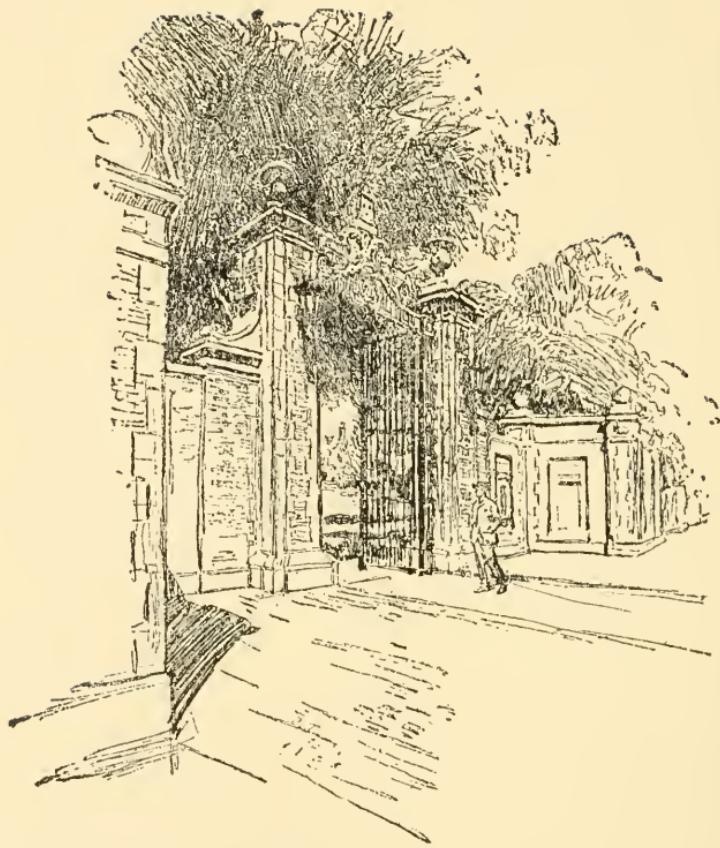
the older ones impress us just as much as the new ones, although in a different way.

We find the oldest college building is Massachusetts Hall. It is a quaint structure that was erected in 1720. Harvard Hall was built in 1766.

In our stroll we stop at the University Library. We are told that this is one of the largest libraries in our country. On its shelves there are seven hundred thousand books. We are deeply interested in the autographs of many great men which are to be seen there.

Many famous men are graduates of Harvard. Three Presidents of the United States are among the number. John Adams was in the class of 1755. John Quincy Adams was in the class of 1787, and Theodore Roosevelt was in the class of 1880. Edward Everett, the great orator, Prescott, George Bancroft, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Sumner, Motley, Lowell and many other names of graduates are familiar to us.

There are several buildings for museums that deeply impress us. We find in them many won-



Gate of the Harvard Grounds

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derful collections of plants, minerals and stuffed animals. The Germanic Museum is mostly the gift of the Emperor of Germany. In this building are reproductions of German gold and silver plate which was given by prominent German people.

We cross the street and enter Memorial Hall. This vast building was erected as a memorial to the Harvard men who fell in the Civil War. In this building there is a dining-hall in which one thousand students can have their meals at the same time. Here also is Sander's Theater, where for many years the graduating exercises have been held.

What interests us most of all, however, are the marble tablets in the vestibule. On these tablets are the names of the brave Harvard boys who gave their lives for their country in the Civil War. One of the noblest poems in our language is the Commemoration Ode by James Russell Lowell. If you will read it you will understand why Harvard is proud of Memorial Hall.

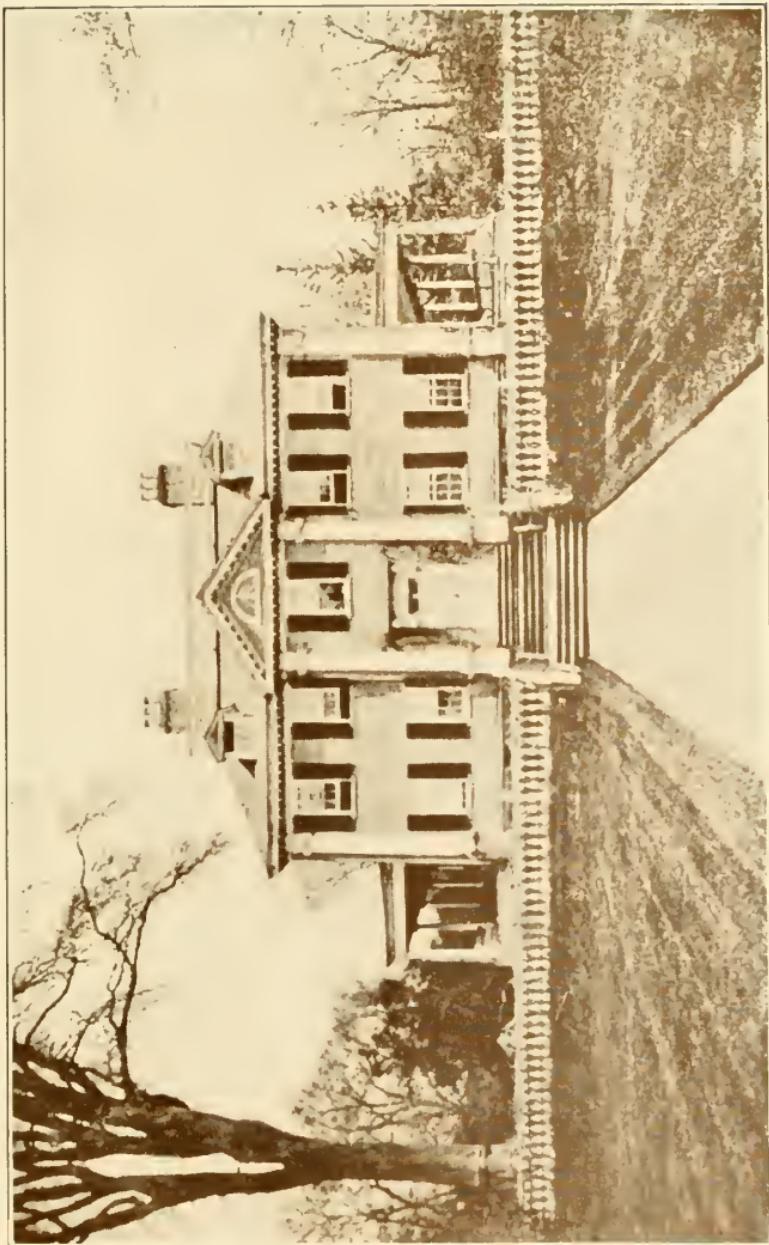
Like many other colleges, North and South,

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Harvard is very patriotic. There is a Soldiers' Monument on the Common, where also stand statues of prominent men. Near by was the Washington Elm, under the shade of which George Washington became commander of the Continental Army, July 3, 1775.

Radcliffe College is not far from the Elm. Here about five hundred young women take a college course like their brothers' in Harvard. The name Radcliffe was given to honor Ann Radcliffe (Lady Moulson), who in 1640 gave a scholarship to Harvard when it was a struggling little college. She was the first woman to make such a gift.

To-day there are about six thousand students enrolled at Harvard. Six hundred professors teach them. It is not very much like what might have been seen there when Harvard was founded. Then there was a Freshman class of one. That was away back in 1636. The people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts decided that, although there were not many inhabitants in the colonies at that time, there must be good schools and colleges.



CRAIGIE HOUSE

THE OLDEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA

Reverend John Harvard, who was himself a graduate of Cambridge University, England, left a legacy of about four thousand dollars for the little college. That sum of money seemed very large at that time. In honor of the donor, his name was given the new college.

The Harvard boys do not spend all of their time poring over their books. They have two great athletic fields. In one of them is a stadium in which forty thousand people can be seated at the same time. Here a crowd that completely fills the place assembles in the autumn to see the football team play against its rivals. It is a stirring scene at such a time. The singing of the college boys, the cheering of the students, the hundreds of waving crimson banners, the eager faces in the crowd, are almost as inspiring as the game itself.

There are also baseball diamonds, scores of tennis courts, ovals for the track teams, golf links, basketball courts; and various other sports are popular. The great gymnasium provides room for twenty-five hundred students

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who may wish to take their exercise indoors at
the same time.

Out on the Charles River near by, you can see
the Harvard boat crews practicing for their
races. There are two spacious boathouses,
which accommodate eight hundred students.
The long, narrow, light little boats, in which
eight students form a crew, are called shells.

Cambridge is a beautiful city and many well-
known men have lived there. It was the home
of Longfellow, whose house, Craigie House, was
used by Washington as his headquarters when
he was there as commander of the Colonial
Army, many years ago.

It is a great thing for any country to have
such a college as Harvard. Its graduates have
gone out into all the world. Many schools and
colleges in the newer parts of our country have
been established by men who first gained their
interest in education at the oldest and greatest
college in America.

CHAPTER XI

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

SURELY every American ought to know the places where our young men are trained for service in the Army or Navy.

The Military Academy is located at West Point, New York; and the Naval Academy is at Annapolis, Maryland.

On the west bank of the Hudson River, about forty-five miles north of New York, is West Point. The Hudson becomes narrow there, as it makes its way past the rugged and bold peaks of the Highlands. Yonder is Anthony's Nose, a high point named for Irving's "Dutch trumpeter," who is said to have had a "refulgent" nose. Not far away is Sugar-Loaf Mountain. Near the base of this mountain stood the house which Benedict Arnold occupied when he was informed of the capture of Major André.

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Storm King, Crow's Nest and other interesting points are all near by.

A wonderful view of the shining Hudson and of the high hills along its shores is to be had here.

In the War of the Revolution, West Point was a fortified place and sometimes was called the Gibraltar of the Hudson. No battles were fought there, but the fact that it was so strong and that a garrison might be able to prevent an army from moving past it, either up or down the river, was the reason for its being fortified.

It was here that Benedict Arnold showed that he was a traitor. He had been one of the bravest generals in the Continental Army. Because of jealousy, Arnold never received the reward which justly he should have had. But he showed how weak he was, when, after he had been appointed commander at West Point, he agreed to betray the post to the British in return for a large sum of money and a commission as Brigadier-General in the British Army. He had been angered because he had been

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

charged with misusing public money. He took this road to revenge.

Major André, a popular young aide of General Clinton, was the British agent in making the bargain.

After André had had an interview with Arnold at West Point, on his way back to New York he was captured by three men near Tarrytown. He was permitted by an American officer to send a warning to Arnold. The traitor quickly escaped to the British lines, and, though his plot failed, he received his reward.

Washington, because it was necessary to warn other British officers not to try to induce certain American officers to be false to their country, hanged André as a spy, since he had been caught in disguise within the American lines.

The Americans lamented the fate of André and made strong efforts to capture Arnold so that they might hang him also. They failed, however, in their attempt to retaliate.

When peace was declared, Arnold went to England to live. The Englishmen, however, as

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well as the Americans, showed only contempt for such a false-hearted man.

Washington selected West Point as the best place for a Military Academy, but the school was not located there until 1802. The grounds consist of about twenty-three hundred acres, all of which are owned by the United States. The early work of laying out the place was done under the direction of Kosciuszko. He was a Polish nobleman who crossed the sea to help the struggling little nation. A spot at West Point which he very much loved is now called Kosciuszko's Garden.

Boys who enter West Point must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. By an act of Congress the corps of cadets consist of one appointed by each Senator, one from each Congressional District, one from each territory, two from the District of Columbia, one from Porto Rico, Alaska and Hawaii, and two from each State at large, all to be nominated by Representatives in Congress or Senators, and appointed by the Secretary of War. There are in addition, forty appointments at large, all of

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which are made by the President of the United States. Four young Filipinos at the same time may be enrolled in the Military Academy, one in each class. At times a few students from foreign countries are also received. The total attendance is about six hundred.

These boys must be sound in body and free from any infirmity or weakness which might make them unfit for service in the army.

Before they can enter, they must pass a thorough examination in English grammar, English composition, English literature, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography, the elements of physical geography, especially the geography of their own country, United States history and the outlines of general history. When a boy is appointed a cadet he receives \$709.50 annually for his support.

The teachers are officers in the army of the United States. The course of study is very severe. It covers four years. When a boy graduates at West Point he may receive a commis-

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sion as a second lieutenant in the army of the
United States.

When you visit the post you must walk from the station to the high level ground, one hundred and sixty feet above the river. If your visit is in July or August, you will find that the cadets are in camp. In April, May, September, and October the most interesting drills are held.

Throughout the year there are dress parades. The parade ground, where all the military exercises are held, covers forty acres. No matter what soldiers you may have seen marching, you never have seen any that do so better than the West Point Cadets. They march almost as if they were one huge body. One reason for the success of the cadets is that they must all learn to obey before they can ever learn to command.

On the grounds are many massive buildings which the United States has erected. Numerous imposing statues and monuments of famous American soldiers are scattered about the premises. The tall battle monument near the flagstaff is seventy-eight feet high.

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

The Gymnasium, the Cadet Barracks, the Store Building are all interesting. We are most interested, however, when we enter the Riding Hall and from the galleries watch the seniors in their drill on horseback. How skillful they are and how quick and intelligent are the horses.

The row of houses, in which the officers have their homes, is also most attractive.

More inspiring, however, than the beauty of the hills and the winding Hudson, more interesting than the great buildings which our country has put up for the training of our boys for its service, are the bright, intelligent young faces of the cadets, who are here learning how to defend their native land.

Brave and patriotic, we hope they will all be. Did you ever think what other ways there are of showing patriotism, or love for one's country, in



Cadet's Monument

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addition to that of being a soldier? What are
some of these forms of patriotism?

When you go to Annapolis, Maryland, to visit
the Naval Academy, you find yourself at the
place where the little Severn River empties into
Chesapeake Bay.

Annapolis is a quaint and quiet little city of
about ten thousand people. As long ago as
1708, Queen Anne of England gave it a city char-
ter. The name means the City of Anne. That
was not the first name of the town, however,
when it was founded in 1649. It was then called
Providenee, and afterward Anne Arundel Town.

In addition to the Naval Academy there are
other interesting places in the little city. It is
the capital of Maryland. Here, of course, is
the State House and here is the new State Li-
brary, both interesting buildings. A famous
tree near by, called the Tree of Liberty, is said
to be seven hundred years old.

If you go into the State House and turn to
your right as soon as you enter, you will find
the very place where Washington, in 1783, gave
up his commission as Commander of the Con-

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

tinental Armies. Here, too, the first Constitutional Convention of the newly formed nation assembled in 1786.

Still more interesting than any of these places, however, is the great Naval Academy. Years ago most of the officers in our Navy received their training on board the merchant ships. Different ways of training boys to become midshipmen were tried, but it was not until after the war with Spain, in 1898, that the Naval Academy at Annapolis received the just and full attention from our country which it deserved. Before that time most of the buildings were old and poorly equipped.

The Academy now has many magnificent buildings and is said by those who know, to be the finest and best equipped naval college in the world.

In 1902 the number of cadets was increased so that now there are nearly nine hundred young men enrolled as students at Annapolis.

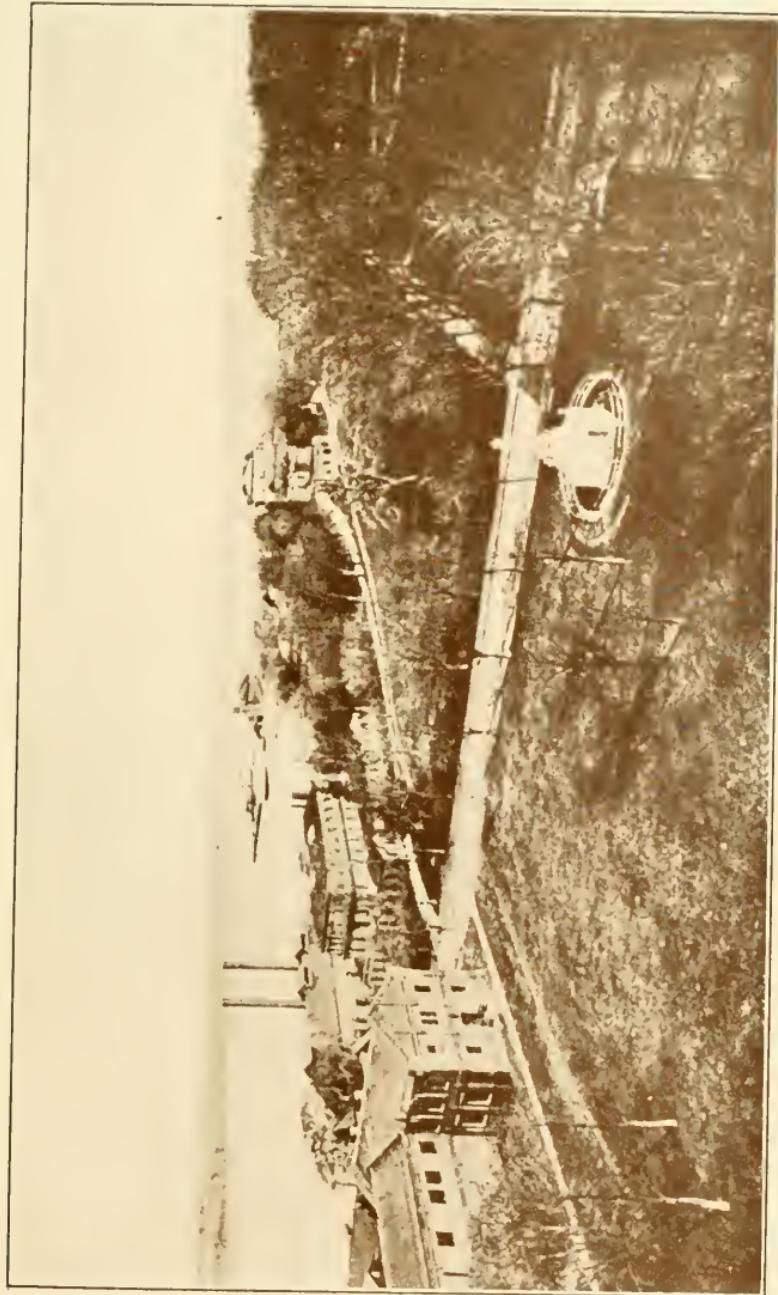
Two students are allowed for each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, ten every year

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from the United States at large and fifteen every year are appointed from the enlisted men in the Navy who have been at least one year in the service. The President annually appoints the two students from the District of Columbia and the ten each year from the United States at large. The fifteen appointed annually from the Navy must pass a competitive examination before they are approved by the Secretary of the Navy. The Governor of Porto Rico may recommend a student, who must be a native of that Island and be appointed by the President.

As soon as possible after June 1, of each year, the Secretary of the Navy notifies in writing each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress of any vacancy that will exist because of the graduation of students, and for which he is entitled to nominate a candidate and one or more alternates.

Boys who are prepared to enter the Naval Academy must be at least five feet two inches in height and weigh not less than one hundred pounds, when they are between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. If they are between the ages



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of eighteen and twenty they must be not less than five feet four inches tall, and five pounds must be added to the minimum weight of one hundred pounds for each additional year above the age of sixteen. At the time of their examination for admission they must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

The pay of a midshipman is \$600 per year, and this begins as soon as he is admitted as a student in the Academy.

The course of study, like that at West Point, is very difficult, and covers four years. After this course has been completed the midshipmen, as the students are called, or "middies," as they are more commonly known, spend two years at sea. Then they must pass a very rigid examination before they are appointed ensigns. Nearly one-half of every class fails to qualify.

As both the Military and the Naval Academy belong to the United States, naturally there is a keen rivalry between the cadets of the two institutions. Every year their baseball nines have stirring contests.

The annual football game between the rival

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academies, also, is a marked event. The many bands present and playing the national airs, the gay dresses of the ladies in the vast assembly that come to watch the game, the presence of many officers of the Army and Navy in their striking uniforms, the marching of the cadets and the cheering by the spectators all combine to make the scene stirring and impressive. The zeal and determination with which each team does its utmost to win, however, is the most stirring of all.

No student becomes an officer in the Army or Navy of the United States without first having learned to work hard. Do you know of anything worth having for which some one does not have to do hard work?

CHAPTER XII

YELLOWSTONE PARK

WHEN one enters the beautiful gateway, above its arch he reads: "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." March 1, 1872, Congress made this wonderful place a national park. The Park is sixty-two miles long and fifty-four miles wide. Most of it is in Wyoming, although small parts of it are in Montana and Idaho.

Yellowstone Park is shaped like an immense bowl or great hollow, with towering mountains for its sides. In the central part there is a broad plateau. Even this is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. On every side of this plateau there are ranges of mountains and peaks, some of which are four thousand feet higher than the plateau. Geysers, boiling springs, cataracts, cliffs, petrified trees, hills of

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sulphur and deep cañons abound. In the forests many wild animals are found. Imposing waterfalls, shining lakes and wonderful flowers are to be seen at various places in the reservation.

At Livingston, Montana, we left the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. On a train which slowly made its way among the mountains and cañons we rode to Gardiner, one of the two entrances to Yellowstone Park. There is another entrance from the West, at Monida (the name is composed of the first syllable of Montana and two syllables of Idaho).

When we arrive at Gardiner we almost ignore the beautiful little rustic station there because we are so deeply impressed by the marvelous sights which already greet us.

After a ride of five miles in a coach, we come to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where the coaching through the Park begins. Although our ascent has only begun, we are already much higher than the top of Mount Washington, the highest mountain in New England.

As the coaching trip does not begin until the following day, we have time to walk about the

YELLOWSTONE PARK

strange region. Not far before us are some formations or terraces that cover nearly two hundred acres. They are strangely colored and have been formed by the deposits of the hot springs, for which the stopping place has been named.

We climb the terraces to their tops until we are almost three hundred feet higher than the hotel. From this place we see plainly the layers of white, cream, salmon, red, brown, yellow, and green in the formations. We notice, too, how very blue the water in the hot springs is. This water is so hot that if one should fall into it he would be quickly scalded.

We find the terraces are named. One is called the Pulpit, another Minerva, still another Jupiter. We notice Angel Terrace; and still another is the Devil's Kitchen.

Not far away there are beautiful waterfalls, one of which is one hundred and fifty feet high, in a cañon five hundred feet deep.

The next morning we start on our coaching trip, which will last five and one-half days before we come back to Mammoth Hot Springs.

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When we take our seats, we find there are many more stages leaving at the same time, some drawn by six horses, others by four. Some visitors, however, prefer to go on horseback. We are told that every coach is to keep its assigned place in the line every day throughout the entire trip, unless the people are late. As the ride sometimes is very dusty, we decide that we will try to be on time when the line is formed.

Soon after we start, our attention is called to some strange rocks that are called the Hoodoos because they look almost like twisted or deformed people. We climb slowly up the cañon and at the Golden Gate, a narrow defile among the giant hills, our driver stops so that we may look behind us at the mountains and cañons, the waterfalls and geysers, which we can still see.

When we go on again, our driver calls our attention to a mountain of glass before us. The Indians of this region used to make their arrowheads of this glass. When the wonderful road over which we are riding was built, great blocks

YELLOWSTONE PARK

of this obsidian, as the glass is called, were first heated by fires and then cold water was thrown upon them, which broke them into many pieces small enough to be used in making the road.

On our right we see Beaver Lake, where, years ago, the beavers built a dam, six hundred feet long. The beavers now have gone to other parts of the Park. No one is permitted to shoot or harm the wild animals in the Park. The buffaloes, elk, deer and antelopes, even the bears and the bighorn sheep are all protected by soldiers. We have already met several bands of mounted soldiers who are here to see that the rules, which the United States has established for the visitors, are obeyed.

We notice Roaring Mountain and the little Twin Lakes and the Devil's Frying Pan, as one geyser is called. We are impressed most of all by the sight of the great mountains in the distance and by the continually changing scenes about us.

After we have ridden twenty miles we stop at Norris Basin. There is a rush for the dining-

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room, for if we do not secure seats promptly, we shall have to wait a long time before we can be served.

We have some time after luncheon before we are to resume our journey, so we follow the guide, who leads us across a wide tract of bare and barren ground which is crusted and through which in many places we see vapor rising. We must be careful to keep on the narrow paths here, because in places the crust will not hold us.

Our guide takes us also to some of these great boiling springs, the names of which almost describe what they are. There is the Black Growler, the Emerald Pool, the Bath Tub, the Minute Man, and others. It is a most desolate spot. There are no trees near it and even grass will not grow in the barren soil.

We soon return and again take our places in our coach. We pass many other boiling springs and then enter a cañon in which some of the most interesting hot springs in the Park are found.

We are impressed by the swift waters of the

YELLOWSTONE PARK

river, along the shores of which we are now riding, and by the sight of the lofty mountains that are all around the valley. We stop for the night at the Fountain Hotel, where all of us enjoy the hot baths. We have been told that near this hotel, after supper, we may, perhaps, see the bears come out of the forest to eat the food left from the tables.

“I saw nine bears here last night,” said one man.

We wait, but no bears come. “I think his nine bears were *nein*,” laughed one of the boys in our party.

The next morning we resume our coaching after we have visited some wonderful geysers not far from the hotel. Among these the most interesting is the Fountain, which every two or three hours throws a stream of water fifty feet high. This geyser is not nearly as high as some we shall see later, but it is a very beautiful sight. We visit also the Mammoth Paint Pots, a geyser whose muddy waters are colored pink, yellow, red, etc. This crater impresses us because it is forty feet in diameter.

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We ride past the Great Fountain Geyser, which, at certain times, throws a stream of hot water one hundred and fifty feet high, but it is not in action at this time.

We soon come to a rolling country and our driver insists upon our stopping at a strange-looking spot called Hell's Half Acre. Here we see many beautiful geysers and springs, and a wonderful pool one hundred feet in diameter, called the Turquoise Spring. Its clear waters are as blue as the stone of that name.

We find that some of the geysers have been named from their resemblance to flowers or other objects. Among these we notice particularly the Morning-glory, the Fan, the Three Sisters, the Sawmill and others. There are so many that we do not stop to examine them all now.

The most interesting geyser of all we find when we stop at Old Faithful Inn, which is in the Upper Geyser Basin. Here there are forty great geysers, the largest of all in the Park, and also many beautiful hot springs.

The hotel is built of logs and finished in woods



OLD FAITHFUL. YELLOWSTONE PARK

YELLOWSTONE PARK

of different kinds. There is no plaster to be seen. It is most attractive.

After luncheon, we go out to see Old Faithful, perhaps the best known of all the geysers in Yellowstone Park. It plays about once an hour, so regularly that it has been given the name it bears.

Soon after we arrive we see that the water in the crater is beginning to boil and then is moving as if it were being pushed up by some unseen power below it. Suddenly the vast mass of water is forced up into the air and continues to rise steadily until the stream is one hundred and fifty feet high. For four and one-half minutes the stream continues, then begins to drop slowly back into the crater, to be quiet an hour before there is another eruption.

The Beehive throws a mass of water two hundred feet into the air. Near the Beehive is the Giantess and not far away is the Giant, the last being the greatest of all geysers. This, however, does not spout very often, but when it does, it plays its great column of water two hundred and fifty feet into the air for an hour

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and a half! No geysers in the world are as large as these.

The next morning we find that we are still steadily climbing. Not far from Shoshone Lake, six and one-half miles long and nearly a mile and one-half above the level of the sea, we come to the famous Continental Divide, or watershed of the Rocky Mountains. Here, we are eight thousand, two hundred and fifty feet high! We do not notice the change in the air until we try to walk or run, then we find it hard to breathe.

Two little streams on this Great Divide start within a few feet of each other. One of them flows down one side of the mountain, while the other goes down the opposite side. The water of one brook finally reaches the Pacific Ocean and the other at last flows into the Atlantic. Can you tell what rivers they go through?

It is hard to believe that the Teton Mountains, which are thirteen thousand, six hundred and ninety feet high, are sixty miles away. The air is so clear that it seems to us that we might walk to them in an hour or two.

We soon come to Yellowstone Lake and stop

YELLOWSTONE PARK

for luncheon at the Thumb, or West Bay. We decide that instead of going on in our coach to the Lake Hotel, we will ride on the little steamer that crosses this lake.

Yellowstone Lake is one of the largest bodies of water in the world at such an altitude (7,721 feet). The one little steamer on it had to be brought in pieces or sections by mules, all the way from Gardiner, and then the parts were put together on the lake.

Here are more hot springs, but we have seen so many already that we do not visit them. Instead we rent some fishing-tackle and go down to the shore of the lake, where we are permitted to catch trout to our heart's content.

On the shore directly behind us are springs so hot that we can catch a trout in the lake, and then, without taking the fish from the hook, throw the line behind us into one of the hot springs, where the fish will instantly be cooked.

Directly after luncheon we go on board the little steamboat, which soon is headed toward the hotel that is at the end of the lake, about eighteen miles distant. All around the shores

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

are great mountains. We count thirteen, every one more than ten thousand feet high.

The next morning we stop at the Mud Caldrone, or Mud Volcano—one of the weirdest and most awful sights in the Park. It has a round crater about forty feet deep. At the bottom the mud boils like water in a teakettle. There is a loud roaring and groaning which cannot be described. It is said that when this volcano first broke forth, a few years ago, it threw mud to a distance of a half-mile!

We should like to stop at Hayden Valley, Sulphur Mountain, Crater Hill and the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone River, but we have not time. We cross Cascade Creek on a bridge that is two hundred and fifty feet long, and then go to the Grand Cañon Hotel, the extreme point of our coaching trip.

We are at once interested in a fawn, which some women are feeding on the piazza of the hotel. The pretty little creature looks at us with eyes that seem almost human and it licks our hand when we pet it.

“Probably its mother was killed by a bear,”

YELLOWSTONE PARK

explained one of the women present. "One of the men found it in the forest this morning."

Soon afterward we ride along the road which is not far from the border of the Cañon of the Yellowstone. We obtain frequent glimpses of it, but are not able to see what is really before us until we stop, and then walk out on Lookout Point.

Some of our party are almost overcome when they look down. Far below us the Yellowstone River looks like a little ribbon. The Yellowstone Falls are covered with spray as the water leaps over a height that is three hundred and sixty feet above the bottom of the chasm. It is nearly a mile across the cañon to the opposite side.

Directly beneath us, on the peaks of what seem to be needle-shaped mountains, we see nests of eagles. Some of the great birds now are circling about the place. We watch one that rises slowly, coming nearer and nearer to the place where we are standing. Suddenly the eagle "lets go" of itself and falls five hundred

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

feet, almost as if it was a stone. Then its great wings are spread once more and in graceful circles it sweeps toward its nest.

Perhaps the most marvelous sight of all is the coloring of the sides of the cañon. Some of the cliffs are red, others are yellow, orange or purple. Just now the river far below looks like a thread of delicate green, while the border of the cañon is fringed with the darker green of the pine trees. Some one has said that the cañon looks as if a "rainbow had fallen from the sky and lay scattered on the rocks."

After supper, for the first time, we see bears feeding. The refuse from the tables has been taken to the open space beyond the barns and left near the border of the forests.

Very soon we see a bear coming slowly from amongst the trees. He frequently stops and looks all about him, but does not seem to be afraid. As soon as he begins to eat, others come to join him. Pretty soon we notice one big bear followed by two cubs. What cunning little animals they are! They look almost like balls of fur. While their mother is eating her supper,

YELLOWSTONE PARK

the cubs roll on the ground or climb the trees, or cuff each other as boys do at play.

The following morning we begin our return. Much of our ride back to Mammoth Hot Springs is like a review lesson for us. Again we see the towering mountains that surround Yellowstone Park as a frame surrounds a picture. The road once more leads through forests of spruce and pine. The crags and cliffs now have an added interest. The bears, buffaloes, elk and antelopes at various places stop to watch us and are not afraid. We now know where and when to look for the spouting geysers, the many-colored terraces, the tinted pools and hot springs, and the waterfalls and cañons. The wild music of Yellowstone Falls we shall never forget. The sublimity of Yellowstone Cañon is now a lasting memory.

When at last our journey is completed we understand why the United States has set apart this wonderful park—"for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

CHAPTER XIII

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

IT is still early in the morning when our train from San Francisco, or Oakland, California, stops at El Portal. From this little place, every morning at seven o'clock, stages leave for the Yosemite Valley, fifteen miles away. We eat our breakfast at the hotel near by and hasten to the coach. Four horses are hitched to our coach and there are seats inside it for twelve people. It is May and the dust is not heavy, so we select seats close up behind the horses.

Our ride is through the Valley of the Merced River. The clear, sparkling waters of this river come tumbling and plunging in its swift current. We are steadily climbing all the way and our horses walk almost all the time.

When we pass under Arch Rock our driver tells us that a boy, who not long before our

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

visit cut his initials in the stone above this entrance, compelled the guards to blast the rock to get rid of them. It is against all orders to cut any rocks or trees, or pick flowers in the Valley.

Among the many cascades on the sides of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which are on each side of the road we are following, is one which our driver informs us is called the Widow's Tears. When we ask him the reason for this strange name, he humorously replies, "Some folks say it is because they dry up in six weeks. Other people say it is because they never dry up."

About one o'clock we come to the entrance to Yosemite Valley, where we obtain our first view of the spot which many travelers declare is the most wonderful in all the world.

The Valley itself is about eight miles long and from one-half to two miles wide. Almost surrounding it are walls of rock that are from three thousand to five thousand feet high. Through the center of the Valley flows the madly rushing Merced.

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

Probably the white men first saw this wonderful sight in 1851, when a small band of soldiers found it by chance while they were pursuing some Indians.

Congress, in 1864, gave the Valley, including the country for two miles around it, to California for a state park. In 1905, California gave this land back to Congress and it is now a part of the Yosemite National Park.

When we look ahead we see that the floor of the Valley is very level. Many brightly colored flowers are growing in the grass. There are also beautiful trees and shrubs on every side.

The name of the Valley is an Indian word which means Full Grown Grizzly Bear.

At our left we look up at a giant cliff which is so straight and sheer that it almost seems to us that if a man should step off the summit he would fall directly into the Valley below. This huge rock is El Capitan. It rises more than three thousand feet straight from the ground. The ground below is itself more than that number of feet above the level of the sea.

There are many towering peaks which seem



COACHING IN THE YOSEMITE

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almost to hang over our heads. Among these are the Three Brothers. Far beyond us we see the Half, or South, Dome, a giant mountain which looks as if some one had cut it with a huge knife and had left only one-half standing.

Our driver tells us that a man named Anderson, in 1875, climbed this rocky summit, using a rope tied to pegs which he drove into the crevasses of the rocks. It was called Anderson's Ladder, but it is no longer in existence. Few people now attempt to climb this mountain.

Nearer are the Cathedral Rocks, on which we see the Bridal Veil Falls. Many think these falls are the most beautiful in the Valley. They are straight in their drop of six hundred and thirty feet and are about seventy feet wide. The name was given, because, when the wind blows, the falling waters flutter like a long, soft, white veil. If we are here soon after four o'clock in the afternoon, we shall see the beautiful rainbow which is then formed on the Falls.

As the snow on the mountains melts away, the amount of water in these Falls becomes less.

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Fortunately we are here in May, just the right time to see everything in the Park at its best.

In the center of the Valley we stop at the quaint little hotel, The Sentinel. Soon after we have had our dinner and while it is yet light, we walk to the Yosemite Falls, about a half-mile distant. These falls are formed by the waters of the Yosemite Creek, which in three great leaps drop to the Valley below. The total height of the falls is twenty-five hundred feet. This is the highest waterfall in the world for such a volume of water.

We find, when we approach the base, that we are soon as wet from the spray as if we had been in a driving rainstorm.

The great roar of the falling water can be heard far away. When we go back to the hotel we find that our view of the Falls is even better than when we were close to them. From every point of view, however, the sight is very impressive.

It is still light and we are interested in obtaining views of some of the mountain peaks.

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The North Dome and the Three Graces seem especially wonderful.

The next morning, before sunrise, we go on horseback to Mirror Lake, three miles away. The mountains are so high that the sun does not shine upon this lake until eight o'clock, so that we do not have to rise as early for our ride as at first it might appear.

In the waters of this lake, Mount Watkins and the North and South Domes are reflected so clearly that it is hard for us to believe that we are not looking at the mountains themselves. It is said the reflections are almost as striking in the moonlight.

Later, we go to Vernal and Nevada Falls, a few miles distant. The latter has a descent of six hundred feet and the waters of the former fall straight down three hundred and fifty feet.

On Glacier Point, where we go the following day, there is a flag-staff and an iron railing. We are now nearly a mile and a half up in the air. What a wonderful view of the Valley below us we have here! The floor is almost directly beneath us.

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Later, while we are sitting on the piazza of the Old Sentinel Hotel, some soldiers ride past. We are told that the Federal Government keeps two troops of cavalry here all the time to protect the Park and to see that visitors do no harm to it.

A little later a half-dozen or more Indians pass the hotel. They are almost all that are left of the redmen who once lived in the Yosemite Valley. They are now called Digger Indians, although they belong to the Shoshone tribe. They are not very attractive looking. When we are told that they live on roots and acorns, in addition to the fish they catch, we are not surprised at their appearance.

There are many more interesting sights and drives in or near the Valley, but we want now most of all to see the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Accordingly, early the following morning we once more take our seats in a coach. Soon we are climbing a winding road which has many "hairpin" bends in it.

At Inspiration Point we stop to obtain a last view of the wonderful Yosemite Valley below

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us. It seems to be shut in on every side by the mighty Sierras. The tumbling waters of the Merced, the roar of the distant falls, which is the only sound we hear in the midst of the tense silence, the clear sunlight, the majestic mountains, the white and lace-like cataracts, the trees and flowers—all make an impressive setting for the little Valley in its greenness and beauty. We shall never forget the sight.

We are steadily climbing when we resume our journey and most of the time we are passing through great timber lands. One of our party requests the driver to stop while he jumps out of the coach and secures some of the cones of the great sugar-pine trees. Every cone is more than a foot long and is several inches in diameter.

In the midst of the great trees we notice a little bush which has a red trunk. This is the Manzanita and is very abundant. We notice too the rare little snow-plant. It grows here near the banks of melting snow. It has a stalk which makes us think of asparagus, although it is larger and of a very bright crimson.

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After a time our tired horses come to the top of the mountain and very soon we shall begin the descent on the other side. Our road is narrow and in places the coach is so near the edge that we can look almost directly down into the wide valley, seven thousand feet below us. Some of our party are timid. Our driver smiles as he says, "Don't be afraid. If we should go over the edge you would not feel any hurt. You would starve to death before you came to the bottom." It is almost dusk when we arrive at the hotel where we are to spend the night.

Early the following morning, in a smaller coach than the one in which we came, we depart for the place where the big trees are to be seen. This grove is known as the Mariposa Grove. Mariposa means butterfly, and the place is so named because of the hundreds of little purple butterflies flitting about on all sides.

When we come to the end of our journey we find there are two groves—the Lower and the Upper. The largest of the big trees in the Lower Grove is called the Grizzly Giant. It is ninety-four feet around, and thirty-one feet

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through its trunk. Its main branch is more than one hundred feet above the ground, and it is six and one-half feet in diameter. It requires forty-seven steps for us to walk around the base of the tree.

The Grizzly Giant is two hundred and fifty feet high, which is much lower than some of the other trees. It is said that one million feet of lumber might be cut from this one tree. That is enough to cover the entire surface of the Flatiron Building in New York City. It is probably the oldest tree in all the world. Those who know tell us that it has been growing for eight thousand years.

As we proceed, we drive, coach and all, on a road that leads straight through a big opening, cut in the trunk of a tree named California.

We are still climbing as we go on to the Upper Grove, where there are three hundred and sixty more of these big trees. More than ten of these giants are each more than two hundred and fifty feet high. There are three particular trees so large that it is more than ninety feet around each trunk.

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Almost every one of the larger trees has a name. General Grant, General Sherman, California, New Jersey, New York, Missouri and the names of other famous States or well known men have been given to them.

In the Grove large tables have been placed which stand upon the ground. We have brought our luncheon with us and enjoy the picnic.

A forest ranger is on duty here all the time. He informs us that the greatest danger is from fire. We have already seen some trees that have been scarred by forest fires.

What a sight on this high mountain it would be if all these trees were to be on fire at the same time! All hope that such a disaster will never come. That is the reason why every visitor is warned to be careful.

We take home some wonderful pictures. The Grizzly Giant we shall never forget. The majestic cliffs in the Yosemite Valley, the lofty monntains whose summits, part of the time, are above the clouds, the thunder of the falling waters in the cataracts, the shining lakes, the

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views from Observation Point, the clear, rushing Merced River, are all impressive. These are, however, only a few of the wonderful sights that greet one when he visits the national park known as Yosemite Valley.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GRAND CAÑON

EVERY one who has told us about this wonderful place has increased our desire to see it. At last the time has come when we too are to see one of the most sublime sights in the world.

We have been riding four days on the cars and are glad when our train stops at Williams, Arizona.

This little town received its name from a famous scout. To the pioneers, years ago, he was known as Bill Williams. We are told that if we will climb to the top of Bill Williams's Mountain not far away, we shall find his grave there. Some of our friends explain to us, however, that the famous scout really was not buried near this place. He was killed by the Indians. Although there is an easy bridle-path up the high

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mountain, we decide to rest until our train for the Grand Cañon arrives.

When we take our seats in the train we have almost forgotten how high we are until we are reminded that at Williams, where we changed cars, we were one mile and one-quarter above the level of the sea.

Sixty-three and one-half miles away is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. Our train passes through a part of Arizona which impresses us, although most of the land we see is quite barren.

From the windows of our car we look out upon stretches of sandy land and tracts where the sage bush is growing. Even the scattered trees seem to be mostly dwarfs. There is, however, some pasture land. Cattle raised on these ranches are taken to Williams and there are shipped to Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago.

When we arrive at the Grand Cañon Station we are glad when we are told that our hotel is not far away.

As soon as we are ready we walk a short distance from the hotel and stand on the brink of

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the Cañon. Every one in our party is silent. We see strong men down whose cheeks tears are running. We understand what has caused them. The sight before us is the most awful upon which we have ever gazed. Far, far below us we see the bottom of the Cañon.

In places this great gulch is more than a mile deep. At the bottom is the Colorado River. Although the river here in places is three hundred feet wide it is so far below us that it looks very much like a little ribbon. Even the river itself is nearly a half-mile above the level of the sea.

The opposite side of the Cañon is more than ten miles distant from the brink on which we are standing. This great Cañon, from ten to thirteen miles wide and from three thousand to six thousand feet deep, extends for more than two hundred miles, following the course of the Colorado River.

Away back in southeastern Utah two rivers have united to form the Colorado, which we see far, far below us. The Green River rises in the distant mountains of Wyoming. The Grand



THE GRAND CAÑON

THE GRAND CAÑON

River begins among the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and flows southwest to join its companion in forming the Colorado.

The mighty river beneath us flows on through Arizona and then still passes on until it has gone beyond the borders of the United States into Mexico, where it empties into the Gulf of California. In one part of Arizona the earth and the air combine to form the wonderful colorings of the sky and of the great stretches of sand that extend on every side as far as one can see. The region is called the Painted Desert.

We still stand looking at the walls of the mighty chasm before us. Here we see how the world was formed. In layer upon layer, somewhat like the layers in a piece of cake, we see the bright and varied colors of the crust of the earth. In places, there are terraces or niches that look almost as if they had been fashioned by the hand of man. There are great buttresses, too, that stand out boldly from the sides of the walls of the Cañon.

We notice that the rim of the Cañon is not

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straight. It winds in and out, and here and there are great points or terraces, some of which extend part way and others all the way to the bottom.

Later, we learn that not only the action of the river, but also the action of the dry climate have helped to make this the biggest chasm in all the world. The dry air has kept the rock from crumbling.

As far as we can see the Grand Cañon extends before us. The sight is so new and so sublime that when we turn back to the hotel very few words are spoken by our party.

At our hotel the following day we obtain guides and burros to take us on our trip to the bottom of the Cañon. The distance is only seven miles by Bright Angel Trail, but we shall be three hours going down and three and a half-hours coming back.

What a ride we have on the backs of our sure-footed little donkeys! Slowly and carefully the little beasts go down the steep trail. A few of our party are strapped to the backs of the faithful little burros.

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There are places where we can look over the edge and see straight down into the depths of the Cañon, several thousand feet below us. We clutch tightly the necks of our donkeys. They do not seem to be alarmed at the awful sight which causes most of us to close our eyes. When we open our eyes again, after we have passed the most dangerous places, we notice how white the faces of our companions are.

Steadily we make our way down the trail and are not sorry when the time for rest has come. We are told that there is not much danger in the trip we have made. Perhaps we have our own thoughts as to that. At all events, several of our party are not looking forward with pleasure to the climb back to the hotel.

The sight from the bottom of the Cañon in some ways is even more impressive than it is from the top. The colors of the walls are changing now. These colors vary with the sunlight and are different in the morning from what they are at sunset. On cloudy days, too, although they are still beautiful, they are not so brilliant as at other times.

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We slowly and safely climb back to the plateau on which our hotel is located. This time we do not close our eyes when the trail winds around the cliffs and comes close to the border. It is an experience which we never shall forget.

There are other trails which we may take and many points to which we may walk or drive where new and marvelous views of the Grand Cañon may be had.

Although we remain several days we do not tire of the sublime sight. The Grand Cañon is quite as impressive by night as it is when the sun shines upon it.

CHAPTER XV

PIKE'S PEAK

THIS is one of the most famous mountains in America, although it is not the highest.¹ It is one of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado.

On its summit, which is 14,108 feet above the level of the sea, there is a tablet, on which is recorded the fact that Lieutenant Zebulon Pike discovered this mountain in 1806.

Lieutenant Pike was a daring young officer in the United States army. When he was only

**¹ HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN THE UNITED STATES
AND TERRITORIES**

Mount Whitney, California,.....	14,501	feet
Mount Elbert, Colorado,.....	14,402	"
Mount Rainier, Washington,.....	14,363	"
Pike's Peak, Colorado	14,108	"
Garnett Peak, Wyoming,.....	13,785	"
King's Peak, Utah,.....	13,498	"
North Truchas Peak, New Mexico,.....	13,306	"
Wheeler Peak, Nevada,.....	13,058	"
Mount McKinley, Alaska,.....	20,300	"
Mauna Kea, Hawaii,.....	13,823	"

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a boy he enlisted and served in the company in which his father was an officer. He not only was a brave young soldier, but he was also a hard working student and was steadily promoted.

When the United States purchased Louisiana, much of the new country was unexplored and unknown. Lieutenant Pike, with twenty hardy men, was sent from St. Louis to explore the sources of the Mississippi River and the surrounding region. The daring men took with them provisions sufficient for four months only, but they remained nine months in the wilds of what now is Minnesota.

Two months after their return, the young lieutenant, with another party, was again sent as an explorer into the region of what now is Colorado.

There the winter overtook them. The men suffered severely from cold and hunger. At last they were captured by the Spaniards, but after a brief time were released. It was on this expedition that Lieutenant Pike discovered the mountain which now bears his name.

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It is a pity that he should have died when he was only twenty-nine years of age. He was then a brigadier general, and was in command of the land forces, when, in the War of 1812, an attack was made upon York (Toronto), Canada. Zebulon Pike lost his life while he was bravely leading his men into the fight. His name, however, will not soon be forgotten.

Most people who go to Pike's Peak to-day usually stop first at Colorado Springs, about six miles distant from the mountain. The little city is as attractive in its way as is the towering mountain-peak. Its streets are laid out in squares and it has many beautiful homes. The air is so clear and dry that many who are not strong or in good health, come from other parts of our country to make their homes there.

It does not rain in Colorado Springs from September until April. The city is sheltered by foothills on every side except the one on which it lies open to the great plains. In this way it receives an abundance of fresh, dry air, and yet the great hills keep out the cold winds.

From Colorado Springs we drive to the foot

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of Pike's Peak, at Engleman's Cañon. There we secure seats in the car that is to go up the side of the mountain. This strange little railroad was built in 1891. It is run on what is called the cog-wheel system. No matter whether we are going up or coming down our speed does not change.

This little road, which is called the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway, is eight and three-quarter miles long. In its course of less than nine miles it goes up 7,500 feet. We are riding on a railway so steep that every mile we are carried eight hundred and forty-six feet higher into the air.

About an hour and a half is required for the ride to the summit of Pike's Peak. This is the only railroad up the mountain side, but there are other ways by which people may go. Some walk up the bridle path, and others on horseback follow the same road. The fare on the railroad is the same as that which one pays for going on horseback—five dollars. The long steep climb requires about six hours, whether we walk or ride.

PIKE'S PEAK

When we arrive at the summit, although we are hungry, we almost forget the little hotel there, because we are at once impressed by the wonderful view that spreads out before us. There are thousands of miles of plains and mountains within our sight. Our guide points out the Spanish Peaks, Long's Peak, Gray's Peak and other great mountains in the distance. Far away we can see Denver and Pueblo. Almost directly beneath us are Colorado Springs and Manitou.

"I should like to see all this in winter," says one of our party.

"It is not safe to come except in summer," answers another.

"Why not?"

"The cars do not begin to run before June. There is so much snow and ice on the side of the mountain in the winter that sometimes it is twenty-five feet deep. There are places, too, where they do not try to shovel it at all; they just blast it with dynamite."

On another side, far below us, is Ute Pass, the old Santa Fe Trail, through which passed

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the 'forty-niners, as the men were called, who came here on their way to California, after gold had been discovered in that State. This old trail is now the roadbed of a railroad.

If we had time to spare we should enjoy listening to the stories that are told about the great Indian Chief Ouray, who fought for his people in this part of our country as Brandt and King Philip did in the East. And he was also a good friend of the white settlers.

Not far away is the place where a deadly battle took place years ago between the Indians and the white men. Kit Carson, the famous guide, was the leader of the whites in this conflict.

If we wish we may stay all night in the little hotel on the summit of Pike's Peak. We decide to do this and are awake early the following morning.

From Pike's Peak the sight of the rising sun is one we shall never forget. First there are little faint streaks of bright colors in the eastern sky. Next there is a deeper glow and very soon in the golden light we see more distinctly

PIKE'S PEAK

than we did the preceding afternoon the many little lakes and streams in the valleys, the peaks of the towering mountains that reflect the sunlight, the great yawning chasms, and the myriad waterfalls sparkling like rainbows. Here and there are villages and cities, some of them fifty miles or more distant.

When we return we stop at Manitou and drink of the waters of the famous springs. Such names as Navajo, Manitou, Little Chief and Iron are given these springs. Many people are fond of these waters and say that they are like those at Ems in Germany. There are bath-houses here, too, so that those who wish may bathe in these healing waters.

Before we leave we visit the Garden of the Gods. After a short ride from Manitou we come to the Gateway of the Garden of the Gods. This consists of two high, jagged masses of red rock, with a narrow passage between them on which is the roadway. These rocks are three hundred and thirty feet high.

The colorings of these rocks frequently change. They are different in the morning

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from what they are in the evening, and on
cloudy days are not nearly so bright as on the
days when the sun shines.

When we enter the Garden of the Gods, which
covers about five hundred acres, we find scat-
tered about in it great stones which have been
worn by storms and winds into fantastic shapes.
Some of them look like giant toadstools. Yon-
der is a strange rock which is called the Old
Scoteman, because, when we are far enough
away, it resembles an old man. Here are rocks
that look like seals, camels or other animals.
Some tall pointed rocks are called the Cathe-
dral Spires. And here is a huge, high rock that
seems to be standing almost as if it were rest-
ing on a pivot. It is called Balanced Rock.

We are told that we must not leave this won-
derful region without a visit to the Cave of the
Winds. Of course this place is all under the
ground. A guide goes with us, taking a light
with him so that we may be able to find our way.
We find there are three floors to this great cave
and are not surprised when we are told that
boys first found the weird place.



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

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The entrance is quite small, and frequently we go up and down stairways that have been built for the use of visitors. There are rooms so perfect in form that they seem almost to have been made by man. Electric lights can be turned on and the walls then shine as if there were diamonds in them.

There are names for these long halls and rooms, but the place that interests us most is a narrow passage called Fat Man's Misery. Can you guess how it received its name?

CHAPTER XVI

“REMEMBER THE ALAMO!”

WHILE we are crossing the plains in southern Texas, from the windows of our car we see that much of the nearby country is irrigated. The water is obtained from very deep artesian wells. On the ranches thousands of cattle, horses and mules are raised. Most of them will finally be taken to San Antonio, whither we are going.

On these vast ranches many sheep also are raised and sent to the same market. In recent years certain ranchmen have added goats to their other live-stock. To-day great flocks are to be seen. These goats have long wool which is cut and sent to the mills of the North. The flesh of the goat is very much like mutton and is sold in many markets.

As we come nearer the city of San Antonio,

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we notice that the people in our car refer to the place as “San Antone.” Afterward we find that this is the common name in this part of the country for the thriving city.

We hear also the expression “Little Mexico.” Later, we learn that this is the name applied to a part of San Antonio in which many Mexicans live. Indeed, years ago the entire settlement and all the nearby country was under Spanish or Mexican control.

The Spaniards built a fort here as far back as 1689, although the first real settlement was not made until 1714. Following their usual custom, the Spaniards and Mexicans, after they had built a fort to protect them, next erected a church in which they might worship.

San Antonio is an important railroad center. From it are shipped large quantities of cotton, wool and hides.

Many visitors from the North come to spend their winters in the attractive city because the winters here are very mild. There are several immense hotels to provide for the wants of these travelers.

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A mile to the north of the city the United States has one of its largest military posts. Its name is Fort Sam Houston and it is located on a hill. From the tower in the center of the quadrangle of the post, one obtains a splendid view of the city and of the San Antonio River, which winds in and out for thirteen miles within the limits of the city. San Antonio is not far from the Mexican border.

Many strangers visit first of all the beautiful San José Mission. This is about four miles distant from San Antonio. There are four of these old Spanish missions in or near the city. Every one is worthy of a visit.

The ride to the Mission San José is over a good road for our automobile. In the stretches of level country through which we pass we see many clusters of the low mesquite trees.

The walls of the Mission now are crumbling. Unless great care is taken there will soon be little left of the artistic structure. The arched stone roof, the windows and the arches, even the capitals of the small chapels are very fine.

What an interesting story this old church

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building might tell if its walls could only speak! It was begun as long ago as 1720. For eleven years the Spaniards and the Indians toiled in its erection. The faithful and devoted Indians brought on their backs the stones, of which the walls are made, from Mexico, across the long desert.

In many places in the southwestern part of our country the Spaniards, years ago, built other missions similar to the one we now see. Along the border, these crumbling buildings tell of the faith, the devotion and the labors of the earliest visitors to this part of the country.

Naturally, a stranger in San Antonio does not fail to visit the Mission Del Alamo. The location of this famous old building is within the present limits of the city, and for good reasons has become a place of national interest.

When this church, or mission, was built, there must have been many trees near it, for the word *alamo* is the name of a tree. Now, however, the trees have disappeared and San Antonio has grown around the Mission until the Alamo looks across a plaza and wide square and down long

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lines of crowded shops and streets thronged with busy people. This is a great change from 1744, when the building was erected, and very likely at that time stood quite alone. Its thick walls are made of adobé and the building is low and very plain. Probably it is not very much like the structure that was first erected.

When the United States bought from France the great territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, known as Louisiana, it was thought at the time that the region included Texas. In 1819 the United States gave up this claim to Spain in exchange for Florida.

When Mexico rebelled against Spain and became an independent country, Texas was included in the Mexican territory. Soon American settlers began to enter Texas, but they had little liking for Mexico.

In 1835 the American settlers in Texas openly rebelled and drove the Mexican troops out of Texas. The following year Santa Anna, who was the ruler of Mexico, with an army invaded Texas. He was a very cruel man, and in his



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warfare he murdered the prisoners, the sick and the wounded. Finally he was defeated by the Texans under General Sam Houston, and Texas then became an independent republic until 1845, when it was annexed to the United States.

Long before the coming of Santa Anna, battles had been fought at San Antonio, or Bexar, as the town then was called. Between 1776 and 1836 eight battles had been fought in or near the place. Four different flags had been seen in these battles—Spanish, French, Mexican and Texan.

San Antonio was a small place in 1836. In the town at that time were about one hundred and fifty soldiers, led by a brave young officer named Colonel Travis. The men were fighting against the soldiers of Santa Anna and for the liberty of Texas.

When the Mexican general came with his army of several thousand men, Colonel Travis was aware that he could not long hold the town. There were not more than twelve hundred inhabitants and most of these were Mexicans.

However, the young colonel and his followers

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were not willing to run away, so they all sought refuge in the Alamo. There for eleven days General Santa Anna and his men kept up a siege.

Among the soldiers of Colonel Travis were two men whose names are still familiar. One of these was David Crockett, who had made his way across the plains from Tennessee to help the Texan Rangers, as the soldiers were called. David Crockett said that the one hundred and fifty soldiers in the Alamo were a match for the entire Mexican army.

Crockett was commonly called "Davie." As a boy he had lived on the frontier in Tennessee. Although he had never been to school more than six months, he was known on the border as a shrewd and able man. All who knew him, believed thoroughly in his honesty.

He was commonly dressed in a suit of deer-skin, and wore a cap made from the skin of a raccoon, the tail of which was left hanging down his back.

Twice Davie Crockett had been elected to Congress. His keen and witty sayings and his honesty had made his name well known through-

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out the country. Indeed, he had been invited by his admirers to visit Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, where he was entertained in a manner that greatly surprised and pleased him.

In his third attempt to be elected to Congress, he was defeated. He was keenly disappointed over his unexpected defeat, and soon afterward left home to go to the help of the Texan Rangers.

Another man in the Alamo at the time of its siege by the Mexicans, was Colonel Bowie. The bowie knife is named for this man. His knife was well known in his day, and his marvelous skill in throwing it made him famous.

The little band in the Alamo did not lose heart when Santa Anna and his men began their siege. They had made a new flag—a big white star in the center of a striped field. This was the new flag of Texas. The State is sometimes called “The Lone Star State.” While the flag was being hoisted on the walls the men sang, “Up with your banner, Freedom.” At the

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same time the drums and the trumpets made a loud noise. In this way the daring men tried to increase their courage as well as to defy their enemies.

Santa Anna sent one of his soldiers to Colonel Travis with a message that the fort must be surrendered at once. With his soldiers, the Mexican general sent also a red flag, to indicate that none of the defenders would be spared if the fort was not surrendered. The answer to the demand of the Mexicans was a cannon shot. The siege was at once begun.

One morning, David—or “Davie”—Crockett was awakened by a shot which had struck the wall near which he was sleeping. He quickly dressed, took his gun and ran to the nearest window, or porthole. Looking out, he saw a cannon facing the Alamo. A Mexican soldier was approaching with a lighted match to fire the cannon. Instantly the soldier fell before Davie Crockett’s keen aim. Another Mexican and then another took the match to fire the gun. When five different soldiers had tried to discharge the cannon and every one had fallen,

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for a time no one would try to come near the spot where it stood.

Indeed, every sharpshooter in the Alamo was watching, and it was not long before no Mexican ventured to come very close to the building.

As the days passed, the brave men in the Alamo became desperate. Food was gone and water no longer could be had. Santa Anna's men increased in number every day. Already, by his orders, buildings had been burned and homes and farms had been destroyed. He said he was going to turn “the blooming paradise into a howling wilderness.”

At last, on March 6, the Mexican army in a body swooped down upon the Alamo. Still the brave men in the building were not willing to give up. They defended the little fort until at last, when it was taken, only six of the one hundred and fifty men inside were alive. One of these was Davie Crockett. The Mexicans found him behind a heap of fallen bodies, still trying to defend himself. It is said that the Mexicans lost more than one thousand men in their attack.

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

The six prisoners were speedily taken to the commander, Santa Anna. Even when the cruel general instantly ordered his men to rush with drawn swords upon the helpless prisoners, Crockett still tried to defend himself.

To this day the Alamo is known as the “Cradle of Texas Liberty.”

“Remember the Alamo,” became a well known and familiar saying. It was heard even in songs, and often when men tried to arouse their friends to face a difficulty boldly, they would say, “Remember the Alamo.”

Davie Crockett was sometimes called “Go Ahead” Crockett. In a quaint little book, in which he records the story of his life, he writes,—

“I leave this rule for others when I’m dead;
Be sure you’re right—*then go ahead.*”

CHAPTER XVII

THE CRESCENT CITY

THE country around New Orleans is very flat and low. Indeed, its surface is only a few feet above the level of the sea. There are times when the tide of the lower Mississippi River rises so high that the waters would overflow these lands if it were not for the dikes or levees, which have been built to keep back the floods.

When we come within a few miles of the city we notice many swamps in which tall cypress and other trees are growing. Long strings of beautiful moss are hanging from the branches. Sometimes, right in the midst of these great timbers we see a sawmill or a lumber camp.

Years ago it was believed that the ground on which New Orleans stands was so soft that it was not safe to erect large buildings upon it.

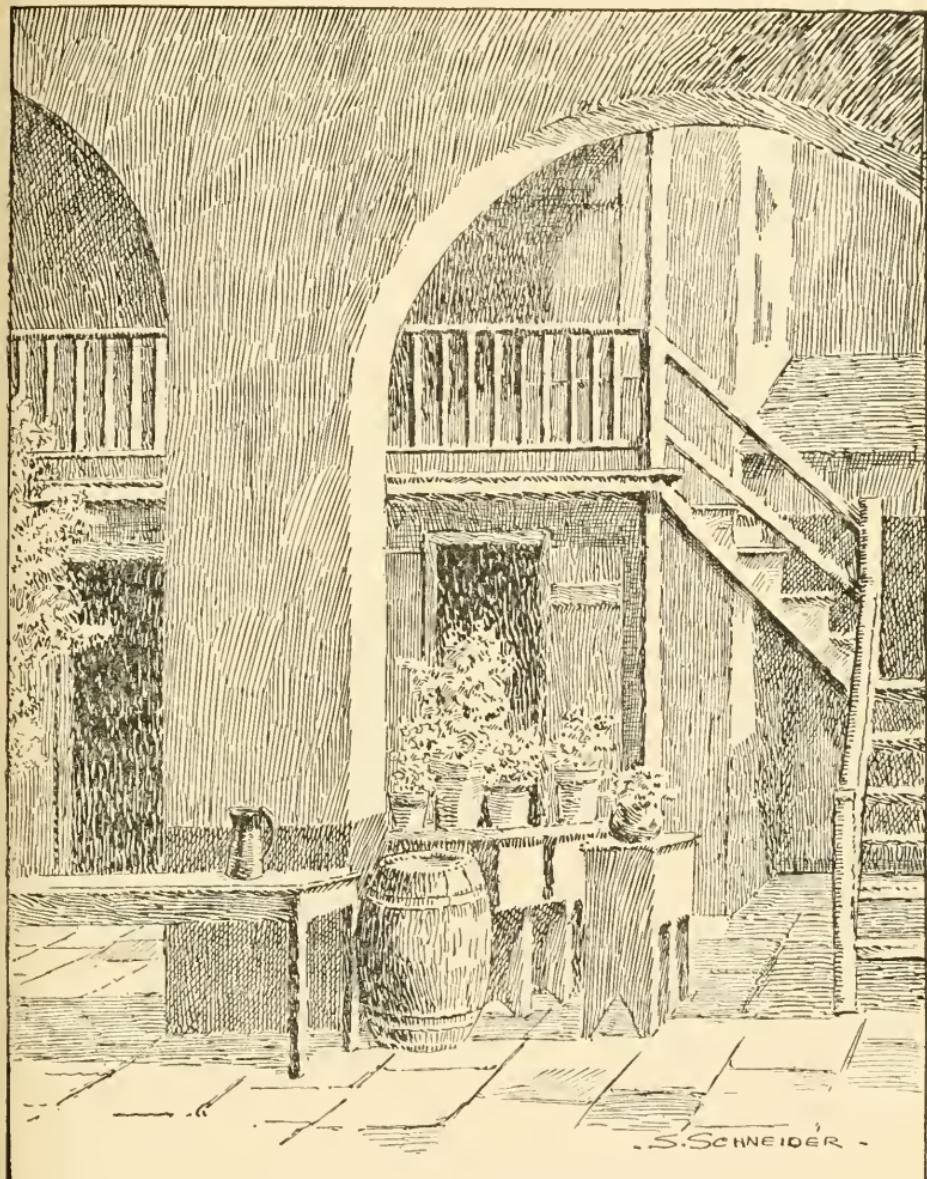
PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

In recent years, however, the soil has been drained, and piles have been driven into it for the foundations of the many new and imposing buildings which now are to be seen in the city.

When the French Captain Bienville, in 1718, founded the city of New Orleans, he named the place for the French Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Soon afterward, he made it the capital of the French colony of Louisiana. At that time Louisiana covered much more than the State which we know to-day. Much of the country through which the Mississippi River flows was a part of it.

Later, in 1763, Louisiana was ceded to Spain. The Spanish Governor had some trouble with the few people who lived there and at last was driven out by them. Then the Spanish soldiers and sailors came and shot the leaders of the people who had turned against the Governor.

In 1800, Spain ceded New Orleans to France. Three years later, in 1803, Thomas Jefferson arranged for the United States to purchase Louisiana; and New Orleans and all the vast region beyond then became a part of our country.



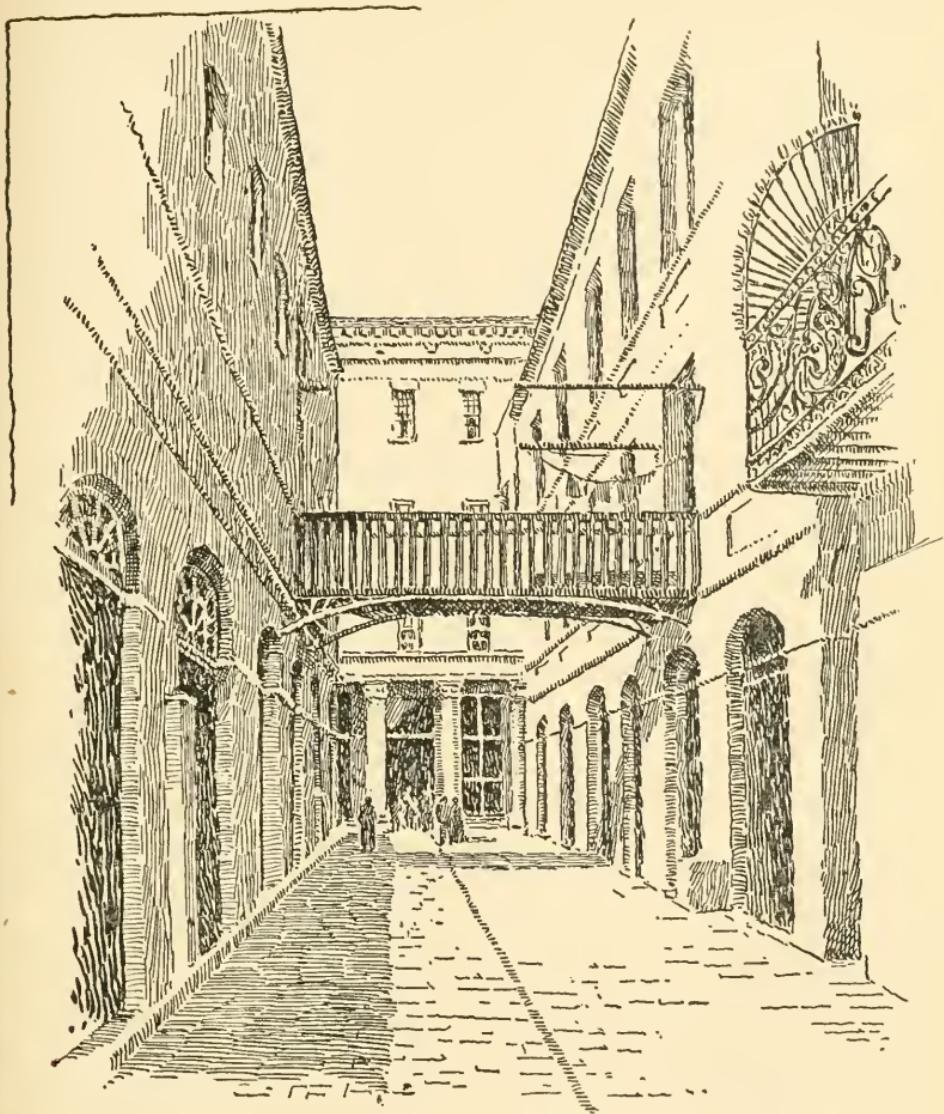
A Courtyard in the French Quarter

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

So we see that three different nations have owned the Crescent City. Although it passed from the possession of one to another, many of the people who had come there still remained after the changes in control had been made. When you look about the city to-day you find many things that make you think of the Spaniards, many others make you think of the French and still many more of the Americans.

Why is New Orleans called the Crescent City? It would be difficult to find the reason for this name from anything you can see when you visit the city to-day. Years ago, however, when New Orleans was small, it was built along the shores of a bend of the Mississippi River. Because the town grew along this bend, its form at that time was like a crescent. In recent years it has grown so fast and so far in different directions that the shape of the crescent no longer is found.

One of our first visits after we arrive in New Orleans is to the French Quarter. This part of the city is one of the oldest. Soon, however, it will be gone and lofty buildings will take the



Exchange Alley

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

place of the quaint little structures that still are to be seen.

How narrow the little streets are! We watch some of the people as they assemble in the market places. Some of them are talking French, just as their ancestors here did nearly two hundred years ago. Indeed, it is not very long ago since the French language was heard in the courts, in society and on the streets of New Orleans. Lately many Italians have been coming and are now living in the quarters once occupied by the French.

The influence of the old French and Spanish peoples is still strong. You notice the French or Spanish names on the corners of many streets. You notice also numerous houses that are built after the Spanish or French style of architecture. You still find traces of the customs of the two nations in the manner of life and in the ways of the people. Perhaps these are displayed most of all on the holidays.

On All Saints' Day, November 1, crowds of people go out to visit the cemeteries and decorate the graves. In certain of the cemeteries



DOORWAY IN AN OLD FRENCH MARKET

THE CRESCENT CITY

you will find tombs like some in Paris. In these tombs are several tiers or shelves upon which the bodies of the dead are laid.

Mardi-Gras, Shrove Tuesday, is the greatest of all the festival days. Then there are parades



A New Orleans Cemetery

in which strange and beautiful floats are seen. All along the route of the parade the sidewalks are thronged. People are watching the many processions of those who are dressed in grotesque or fancy costumes. Many are wearing queer masks. Canal Street, which is very wide

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

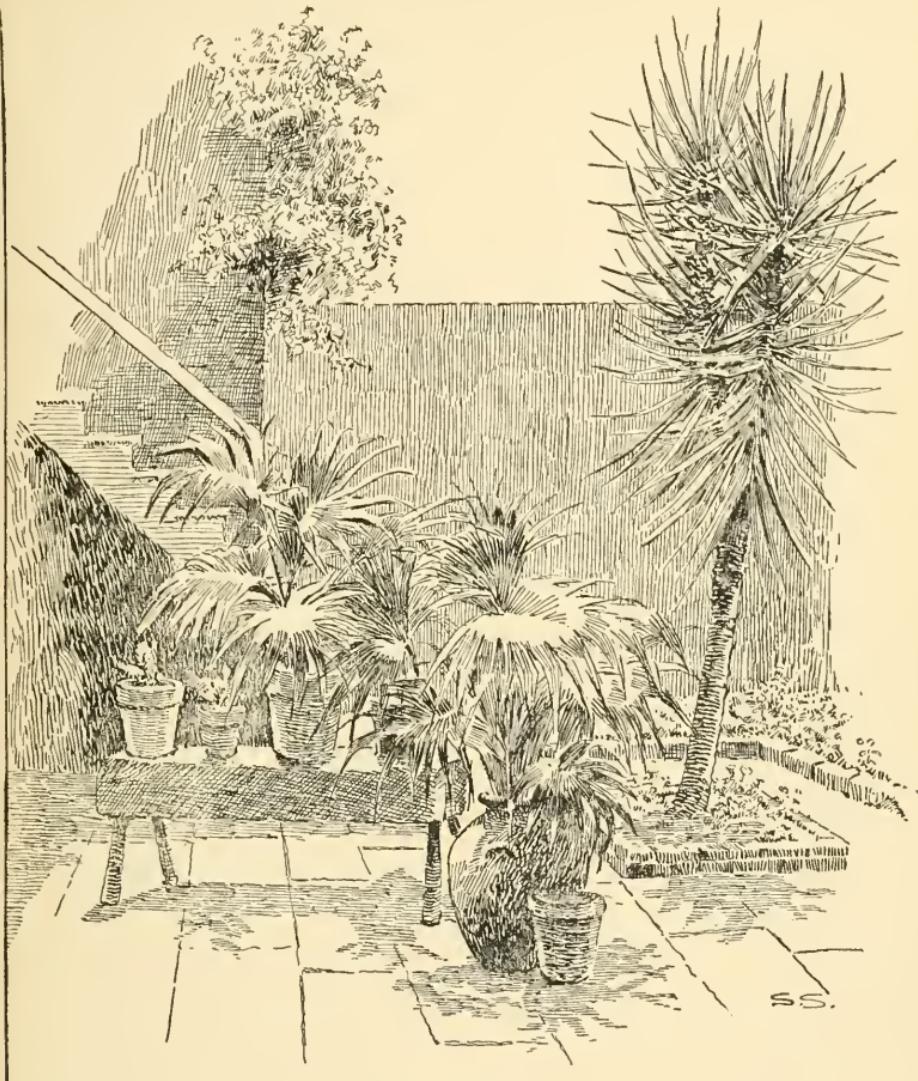
and is the leading business street of New Orleans, is thronged with people watching the parade. This festival has been celebrated since the early days of the city.

The people of New Orleans are very fond of taking their pleasures in the open air. Five or six miles from the Mississippi River, and near the city, there is a lake—Pontchartrain. Here the people come to fish, to sail their boats and picnic along the shores in hot weather.

We are here in the early part of April. Already the leaves are appearing on the trees and the air is as warm and mild as it is in the North early in June. The lawns are green and many flowers are already in bloom.

We secure a driver who takes us for a ride along St. Charles Avenue. This is a very wide and beautiful street. There are plots of grass in the middle of it and driveways on either side. There are also many other beautiful residential streets that cross this long avenue.

Audubon Park is the place where sugar cane was first grown in the State. Now there is a sugar experimental station there. This park



Courtyard on Carondelet Street

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

covers three hundred acres and is on the river front. We are deeply interested also in some spreading live oak trees, two hundred or more years old.

Of the people who live in New Orleans about one quarter are colored. The others are made up of American, French, German, Spanish, Irish, Italian and other races.

It is said that nearly three million bales of cotton are handled on the docks of New Orleans every year. It would be interesting to go into the fields and see the way the cotton-seed is planted and how the plant is cared for until the fluffy little balls appear and then are picked and packed.

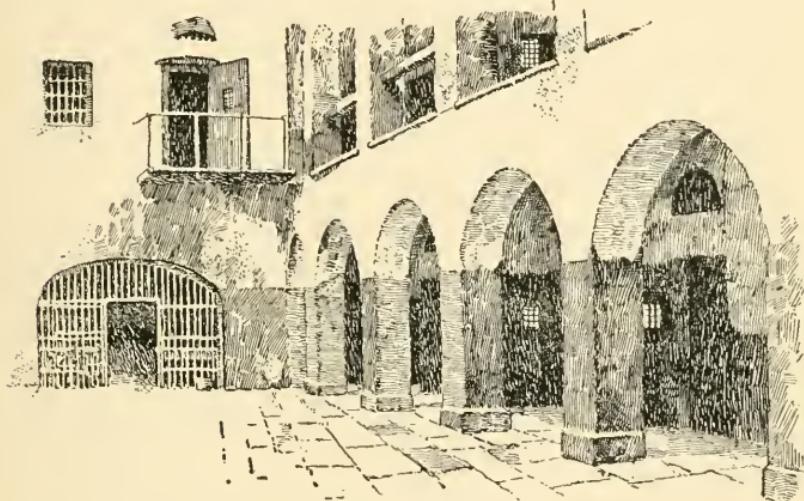
Sugar and molasses are also sources of great wealth. Besides these, rice, pork, timber, wool, corn, tobacco and hides provide many industries.

New Orleans has a wonderful harbor and great wharves and warehouses that extend for miles along the shores. Hundreds of ships line these busy wharves. Coal, lumber, lime, cotton-seed and other products are brought here.

THE CRESCENT CITY

The city has two canals which greatly increase the commerce. Indeed, New Orleans is almost surrounded by water.

Years ago there were many stories told of the races between the great flat-bottomed boats that came down the Mississippi to New Orleans.



The Calaboose

The river was so shallow that frequently these steamboats ran aground. They were strange-looking boats, too, for they were very large and very broad and flat. Far away one could hear the slap, slap of the blades of the paddle-wheels on the water. It is said there are 18,760 miles

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

over which one can sail, all of which are parts of the mighty river system of the Mississippi.

Here, too, is a large government dry-dock, where ships can be raised out of the water while repairs are made to them. Near the mouth of the Mississippi is the outlet of the greatest agricultural valley in all the world.

We must not leave the city before we visit some of the interesting squares and see more of the imposing statues. Among those which we most admire are statues of General Lee and General Jackson.

In the War of 1812, General Jackson had about six thousand American soldiers under his command at New Orleans. Peace between the United States and Great Britain had been declared and the Treaty of Ghent had been signed at the time when he was there, although Jackson was not yet aware of it.

On the eighth day of January in 1815, a great battle was fought near the city, between the American and the British soldiers. Among the latter were many brave veterans who had

THE CRESCENT CITY

fought the great Napoleon. Their leader at New Orleans was a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. There were more than twelve thousand men in the British army at that time at New Orleans.

General Jackson had thrown up some lines of earthworks, which he strengthened with cotton-bales.

When the fighting began the Americans waited for the redcoats to approach within two hundred yards of their ranks before they fired. In less than one-half hour the attacking force was shattered and scattered. The commander had been killed and the entire British loss was twenty-six hundred men. On the American side only eight were killed and thirteen wounded. This was one of the most wonderful battles in the history of America. It lasted only twenty-five minutes.

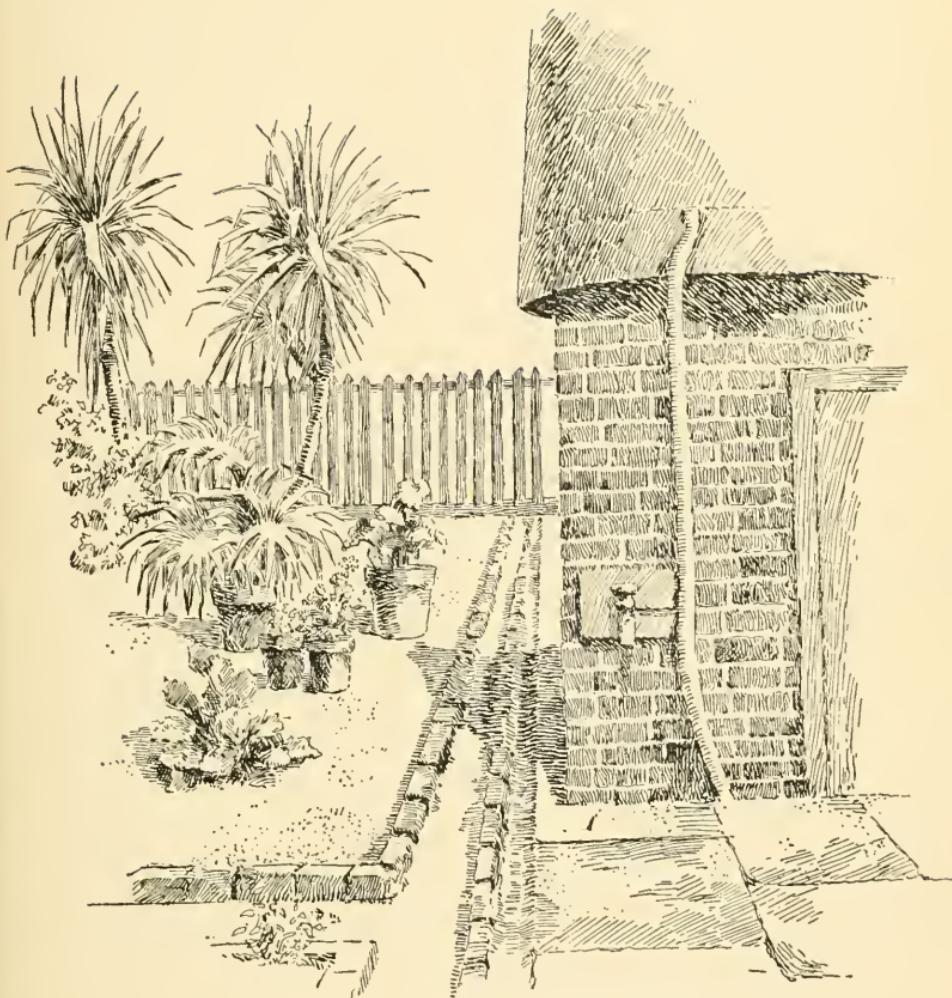
In the Civil War, after New Orleans had placed a great many heavy chains across the river to prevent the Union boats from coming up the stream, if the forts below should not be able to stop them, there was another famous en-

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

gagement. Admiral Farragut came with his boats steadily up the river and soon New Orleans surrendered. The soldiers in the Civil War that came from Louisiana were very brave. "Louisiana Tigers" was the name by which some of them were known.

The streets of beautiful homes, the palmetto and magnolia trees, the bright-colored flowers, the grinning faces of the negro children and the thronged streets of business all interest us. We are, however, most impressed by the huge docks of New Orleans. Here the negroes are singing while they are busily loading or unloading the great boats.

Not only do many boats come down the Mississippi River to New Orleans but there are also steamers here from many places along the coast. Boats from New York, Boston, Key West; from Havana, Vera Cruz, Liverpool, Hamburg and many other places in Europe, as well as from Central and South America, bring their cargoes and receive their loads before they depart. Indeed, New Orleans is the third port of the United States. New York and Boston



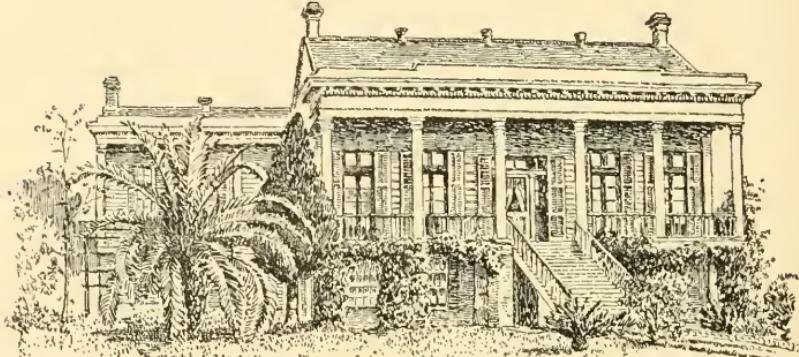
A New Orleans Yard and Cistern

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

are the only cities in which the shipping is greater.

Large quantities of fruits from Central and South America are brought here. There are so many bananas at times that it does not seem possible they can all be used.

The houses with pillars, the tiled roofs, the



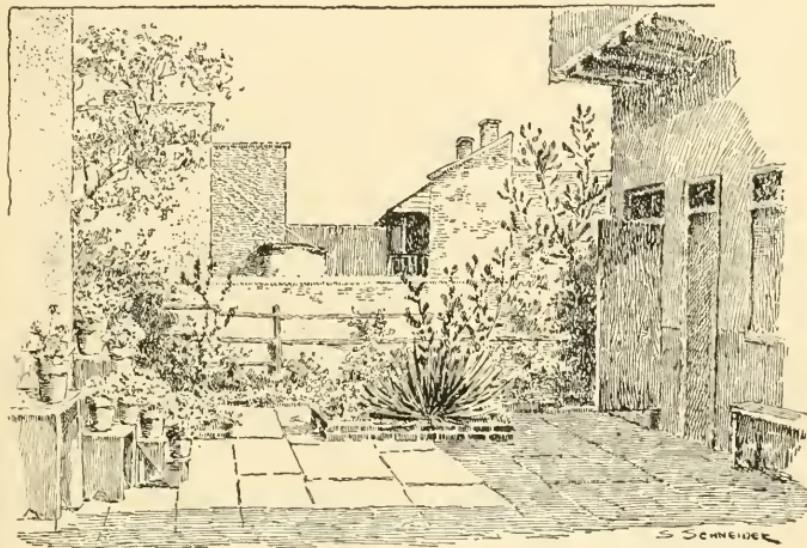
Typical Old New Orleans Dwelling

inner courts of the houses, the gardens, partly hidden by the walls, the windows with their small panes, the walls of adobé in the old parts of the city, all help us to see what New Orleans has been. So also do some of the customs of the people. In the newer quarters, however, we see beautiful homes, many of which have been

THE CRESCENT CITY

built on the older plans, but are modern in every other way. It is a most picturesque city.

A writer who is very familiar with New Orleans has described it as "a city of villas, cottages and gardens. These are crossed by four



A Creole Parterre

hundred and seventy miles of unpaved streets. It is a city shaded by forest trees, haunted by song birds and fragrant with a wealth of flowers that never fails a day in the year." The fruit—the fig, the plum, the pomegranate and

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

the orange trees with their blossoms and fragrance as well as their fruit—add to the beauty as well as to the value of the Crescent City.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FATHER OF WATERS

TWO Indian words (*Miche, Sepe*) mean the “Great River,” or the “Father of Waters.” This was the Indian name for the Mississippi, the largest river in North America.

Soon after the white men came to America, the Indians told them of the “big water” far in the West. De Soto, however, was the first white man to behold the great river. He was the Spanish Governor of Cuba in 1539, when he set sail with nine hundred men and landed in Florida. For three years he marched about the near by country, hoping all the time to find and conquer a rich Indian kingdom.

Near the present southern boundary of Tennessee, he and his followers crossed the Mississippi River, in April, 1541. As he advanced still farther westward he found only a wilderness

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

and savages. Soon after this, his men became discouraged, but De Soto insisted upon still keeping on. At last, even his iron heart lost its courage and hope. He began to move southward on his way homeward.

But the daring explorer never again saw his native land. On the banks of the great river which he had discovered, near the mouth of the Red River, he died. His body was buried in the Mississippi.

Later, in 1673, Father Marquette, a devoted French missionary, with Joliet, a French trader, came from Quebec and sailed down the Mississippi as far as the place where De Soto had crossed it.

Still later, in 1682, La Salle, another Frenchman, sailed all the way down the great river to its mouth. He claimed for King Louis of France all the territory through which the Mississippi flows. In honor of his king, La Salle named the entire region Louisiana.

Two years later, after La Salle had taken home to France wonderful stories of the beauty and fertility of Louisiana, a company of his

THE FATHER OF WATERS

countrymen eagerly returned with him to America.

They were not able to find the great river again. At last they all sailed on to what now is Texas. There La Salle was murdered. The little colony, too, was broken up by sickness and starvation.

The Mississippi is 2,616 miles long. If the Missouri River, which is really a part of the Mississippi, should be included, the total length would be 4,190 miles. This means that the great river is as long as a journey from Boston to San Francisco and then back again as far as Denver! The country which it drains covers nearly one million and a half square miles.

Years ago, when men were trying to find the source of the Mississippi, they followed the stream into northern Minnesota. There, in a country which abounds in swamps and little lakes, for that is what the Indian word Minnesota means, they thought they had found its beginnings in Lake Itasca. More recently, explorers have said that the real source is in Elk Lake, a little farther on.

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

It is a strange-looking "river" when it first comes out of these swamps. It is then a little brook, only ten feet wide and not more than two feet deep. Indeed, as it goes on its way, for many miles it is only a small stream.

The source is 1,462 feet above the sea-level. In certain places, before the mighty river empties into the Gulf of Mexico, it is even below the level of the sea. This long fall or grade is one of the causes of the water moving forward so steadily.

For miles the river winds in and out among the hills and swamps of Minnesota until it has gone two hundred and seventy miles. Then, at Pokegama Falls, its bed is through a series of rapids where there is a fall of twenty feet. The bed of the river there is three hundred and twenty feet lower than it was at Lake Itasca.

After the river leaves the Falls, the bed is only one foot lower at the end of every successive mile, until it comes to the Sauk Rapids, that extend for almost a mile.

Where the Mississippi pours its waters over rocks fifty feet high at the Falls of St. An-

THE FATHER OF WATERS

thony, Minneapolis, it becomes a larger river. There it is twelve hundred feet wide. The rushing waters pass through the rapids for three quarters of a mile, until they have made a total descent of sixty-five feet. Smaller boats can sail on the river before it comes to the Falls of St. Anthony. From now on until the Mississippi reaches the city of St. Louis, it is very different from what it was before.

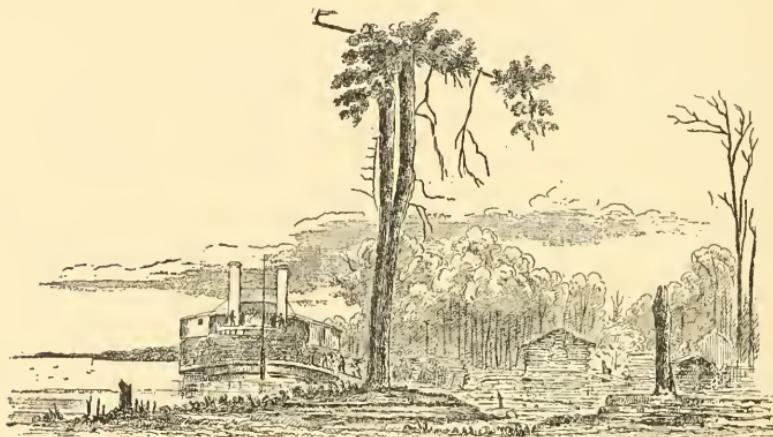
St. Paul is the head of navigation for big boats. A voyage from St. Paul down the river on a steamboat is most interesting. We pass places where the shore consists of great cliffs. Some of the cliffs rise as high as five hundred feet above the bed of the river.

After we have gone three hundred and eighty-one miles, we come to the rapids at Rock Island, where the waters are so swift that our Government has had to do much work in order to make it possible for boats to pass. Some of these great bluffs are close together and others are as much as five miles apart. At Rock Island there is a long bridge across the river to Davenport, Iowa.

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

At Quincy there is another long bridge across the mighty river. Here the high bluff on the eastern bank is very impressive. There are also magnificent bridges at Dubuque, Burlington, Fort Madison and other places.

Most of the way the water over which we have



Steamboat on the Mississippi

been sailing has been clear and clean. Soon after this, however, we notice that it has new and strange colorings. The stream now is muddy, although there are occasional places still where it is clear. This coloring is due to the fact that the Missouri River has poured its

THE FATHER OF WATERS

waters, which have come nearly three thousand miles, into the Mississippi. Indeed, the Missouri is a larger river than the Mississippi has been down to this point. It is said there are forty-five streams that are navigable which empty into the Mississippi, and more than two hundred and forty streams that are shown on ordinary maps join it.

The Mississippi River forms the boundary line of ten States. We have learned also that twice as many States are crossed by the streams that flow into it. Which States are they? Can you tell what cities we pass on our voyage from St. Paul to St. Louis?

St. Louis is a large and interesting city. In its early days people came here both from the South and from New England. It is said there is no city in the land in which the two peoples have so met and influenced each other as in St. Louis.

In those early days St. Louis was a place to which the fur traders used to come. After they had trapped the fur-bearing animals far in the north, they brought the skins to what at first

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

was called Pain Court, and later St. Louis. It was a station established by the French in 1756.

You can still see, in the names of some of the streets for example, the traces of the life and works of those early settlers. It is now the largest city in Missouri, and is fourth in size among the cities of the United States. Its location makes it the center of the trade from the Mississippi River.

The Court House and the Merchants Exchange are imposing buildings. On the walls of each there are striking and interesting frescoes. St. Louis is laid out in squares, very much as Philadelphia is.

The Missouri Botanical Gardens, said to be the finest of their kind in our country, are located there.

In Forest Park are winding driveways and great spreading trees. In 1904 the Louisiana Exposition was held in this park. This was a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. Do you know who advised the purchase? And do

THE FATHER OF WATERS

you know, too, which States were included in the Territory?

Several wide avenues leading to Forest Park are called places. Here are many stately houses with extensive and well kept grounds. At each end of a place is a gateway, high and richly ornamented.

We are impressed by the long bridges across the Mississippi. What is called the St. Louis, or Eads, Bridge is more than two thousand yards long. It is built in two stories. On the upper part people and carriages go. The railway trains cross on the lower. Three miles farther up the river we see the Merchants Bridge. That is for railroads only.

Memphis, Tennessee, is the largest place between St. Louis and New Orleans, near the Gulf of Mexico. It is one of the most enterprising and energetic towns we have ever seen. There is still another bridge here across the wide river.

The most interesting place we visit in Memphis is the mills where bales of cotton are squeezed by hydraulic pressure into one quarter

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

their former size. In this way they are prepared for shipment and occupy much less space than they would otherwise when they are shipped on a boat or car.

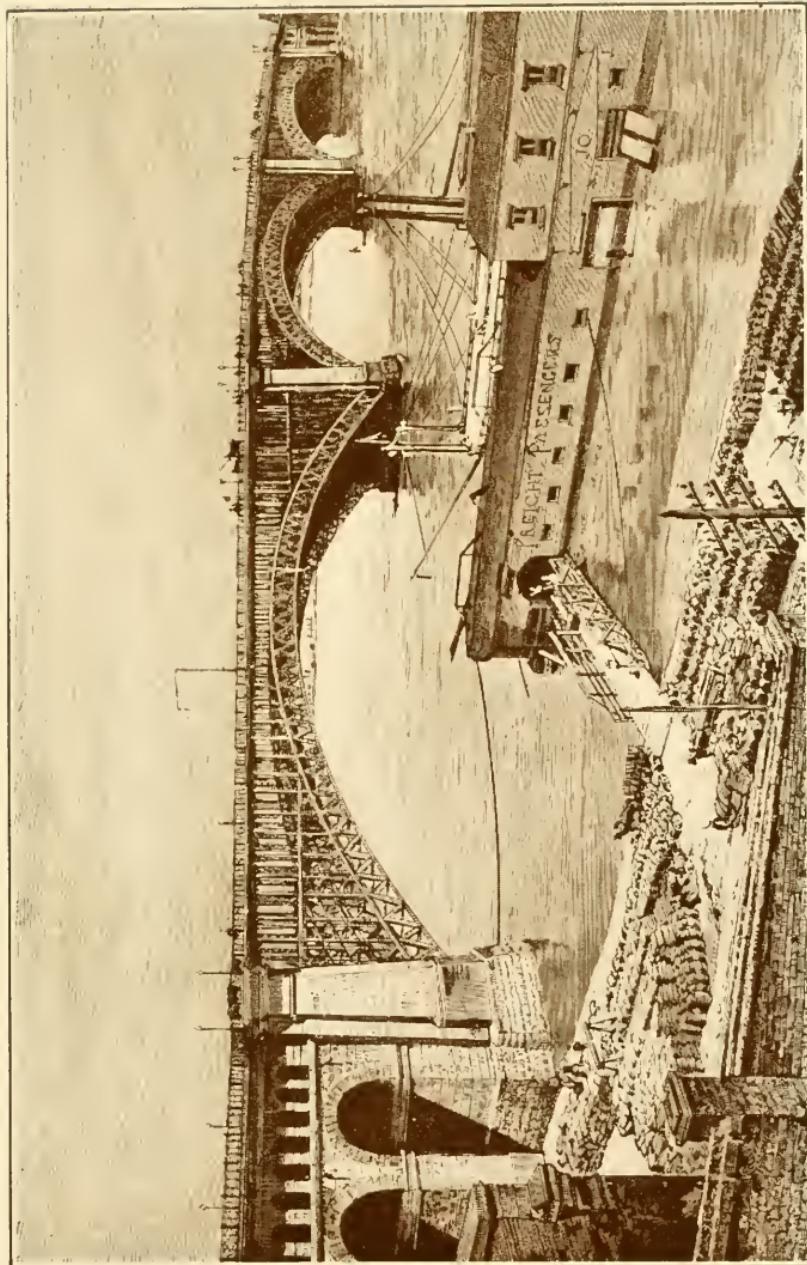
We stop also at Vicksburg, Mississippi, which is the largest city in the State, although only about 20,000 people live there.

In the Civil War Vicksburg was known as the "Key of the Mississippi." There the Confederate soldiers had a strong fort and a garrison.

Vicksburg was not taken by the Union Army until the fourth of July, 1863. Then, after a long siege, General Grant and his great army were successful.

Above the city is a National Cemetery, where are the graves of nearly seventeen thousand soldiers.

The country near the river is very low. In the spring, or when there is a severe storm, the water in the Mississippi rises and the lowlands are flooded. One time, at Vicksburg, when there was a flood, the river rose fifty-five feet. In 1897 the Mississippi flooded more than twenty



BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI

THE FATHER OF WATERS

thousand square miles. At such times great damage is done and many lives are lost.

To-day, all along the river, below Memphis, we find that banks of earth have been thrown up to hold back the water when it threatens to overflow. These banks are called levees.

Out in the streams, too, at various places, we notice long, low jetties. They are made of stone, wood, cement, etc. They help to change the direction of the channel of the stream when there is danger of a flood. The water is muddy all the way from Vicksburg to the Gulf of Mexico.

When we resume our voyage, we are interested in watching some negro boys near the shore, who are fishing. We are told that catfish that weigh sixty pounds or more are caught in these muddy waters. In the little bays there are other negro boys catching crawfish.

When we get below New Orleans we see only a few trees. The banks are very low and at last it seems as if the river had become one great marsh, through which there are numerous channels. Little farms and gardens, such as

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

we saw near New Orleans, are no longer found.

Soon we come to what is perhaps the most wonderful sight of our entire voyage—the Eads Jetties. They were planned and built by the same man that constructed the bridge at St. Louis. By means of these jetties the channel has been made more than three times as deep as it was before.

Many different plans have been tried to hold the river in its place, but the Mississippi is very powerful and is hard to control. One scheme used was to build a lattice-work of brush, timbers and wire, where there was special danger of the water carrying away the soil. Of course the water rushes through this lattice-work, but much of the soil is prevented by it from being washed away. The lattice-work is held in its place by rubble (broken stone) and ballast.

After our voyage we are not surprised when we are told that nearly thirty million tons is the weight of the cargoes that are carried every year on this mighty river. Ten thousand boats are required to carry these cargoes.

THE FATHER OF WATERS

At the mouth of the Mississippi is the Delta, which is really a great marsh or swamp. Gorgeous flowers and tropical plants of many kinds are to be seen in it in many places.

How different they are from the plants and cities of the far-away North, where the "Father of Waters" begins his long journey of 2,616 miles. .

CHAPTER XIX

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

HOW to carry people from one place to another in a great city is a difficult problem. Especially is this hard in such a city as New York, a large part of which has been built on a long, narrow island.

As the years passed, after the city began to increase rapidly in its population, the lower part of Manhattan Island more and more was given up to business. Then the men who were engaged in business there were compelled to make their homes a long way from their offices. As the city continued to grow, more and more such people found homes in New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island and along the shores of the Hudson River.

In 1883, when the Brooklyn Bridge was completed, New York and Brooklyn were two dis-

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

tinct cities. New York at that time was the largest city in the United States, and Brooklyn was the fourth in population. They are now parts of one city, which is second only to London in its size among the cities of the world.

Before the bridge was built the New York business men who lived in Brooklyn depended upon the ferries on the East River to carry them back and forth at morning and night. Although there were many of these ferries, still there were not enough to carry all the people that were dependent upon them. Then, too, when ice was floating in the river, or there was an unusually heavy fog, the ferry boats were delayed and the men were late in arriving at their offices.

Since the Brooklyn Bridge has been built other bridges also have been constructed connecting Brooklyn with New York.

The Williamsburg Bridge was finished in 1904. It is both a suspension and a cantilever bridge. With its approaches it is seventy-two hundred feet long. Think of a bridge a mile and one quarter in length! There are two railway

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

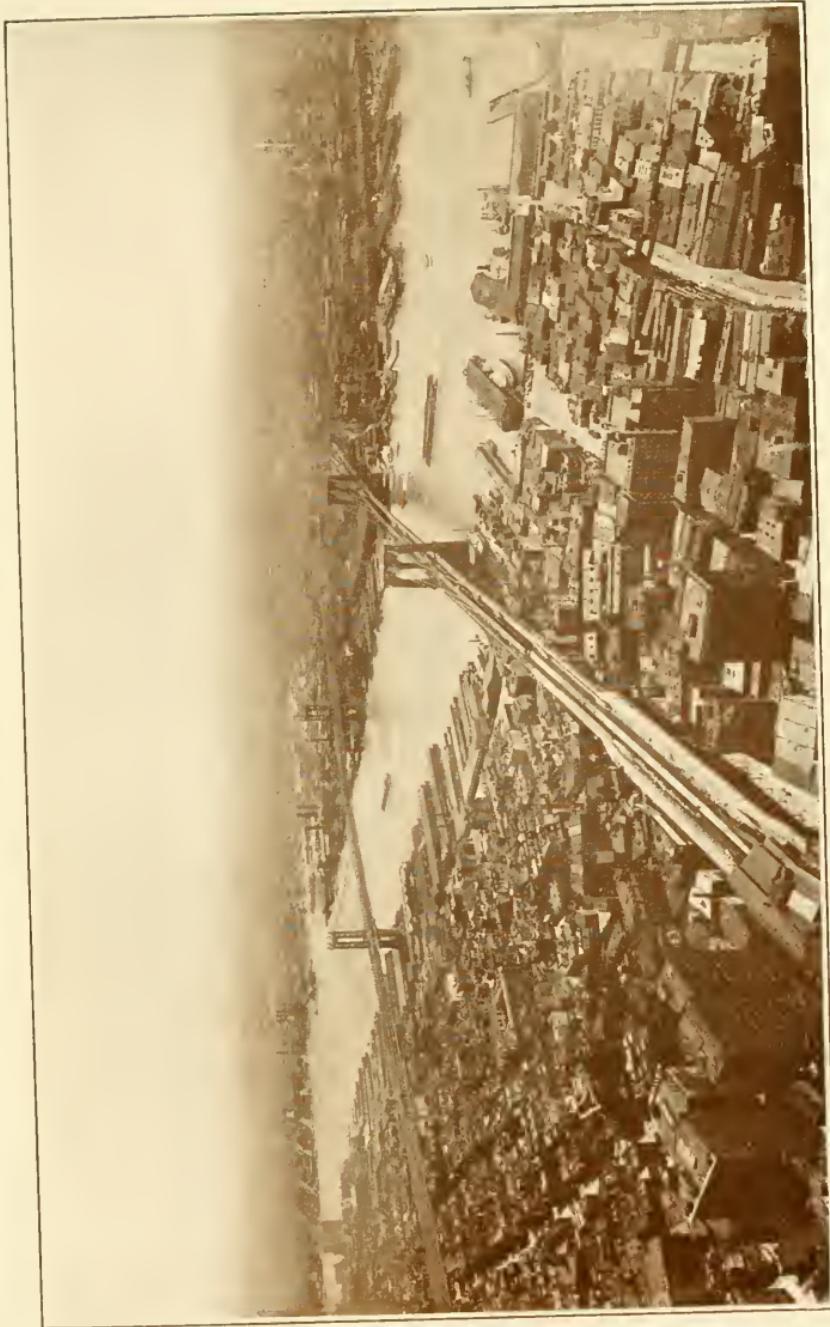
tracks on it, four lines of trolleys, two paths for bicycles, two footpaths and two roadways.

The Manhattan Bridge, which crosses from Canal Street, New York, to Washington Street, Brooklyn, is nearly two miles long (9,900 feet). It is very much like the Williamsburg Bridge. There is room for eight railway tracks on it besides the footpaths and the roads for driving.

The Queensboro' Bridge (Blackwell's Island) is a mile and one-half long (7,450 feet). On this bridge there is room for six railway tracks in addition to the roads and footpaths.

The Brooklyn Bridge, however, since it was the first of these great bridges to be erected, is the one that is most widely known. It has two roads for wagons and carriages on either side of it, a wide footpath in the middle, and two railway tracks, besides tracks for trolleys.

It is a beautiful structure, fifty-nine hundred feet long (one mile and an eighth). Between the two great piers there is a main span, fifteen hundred and ninety-five feet long. The great stone piers, which are two hundred and seventy



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

feet high, rest on the rocky bed of the river, eighty feet below the surface on the New York side and forty-five feet below on the Brooklyn side. The bridge itself is made entirely of iron and steel.

From the tall, stone piers we see four great steel-wire cables extending, each sixteen inches in diameter, which uphold the structure. These great cables are anchored at each end by thousands of yards of solid mason work. These cables weigh thirty-six hundred tons. In them there are thousands of miles of wire. When we learn that annually more than sixty million people ride in the bridge trains and that fifty million are carried in trolley cars across the Brooklyn Bridge, in addition to the throngs that walk across it, we are not surprised that such cables are required. It is said that every year at least five million people walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. How many in all cross the bridge every day?

Some of the other long bridges of the world are Forth Bridge in Scotland, seventeen hundred feet long, and the suspension bridge over

PLACES YOUNG AMERICANS WANT TO KNOW

the Danube River at Budapest, which is twelve hundred and fifty feet long.

It is a clear day when we decide to walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. Midway, we stop and look down upon the river, one hundred and thirty-five feet directly beneath us. The bridge here is eighty-five feet wide. There is a steady stream of people, trolley cars, automobiles, horses and wagons moving past us, but we are so interested in what we see before us that we almost forget the busy throng.

From our high position we have a wonderful view. Standing where we are, New York is on our western side and Brooklyn is on our eastern. Looking southward we see the Statue of Liberty and the waters of New York Harbor. On our north is the East River, which the bridge spans. As far as we can see its shores are lined with boats.

Brooklyn has been called the city of homes and also the city of churches. It is not difficult for us to believe that there are more than six hundred churches in Brooklyn, because from the place where we are standing we can count so

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

many spires. Parts of the city, especially its parks, are very attractive. Prospect Park is the most beautiful of all the parks. Much of it has been left in its natural state.

What an interesting place the Brooklyn Navy Yard is. It is the leading naval station of our country. Almost any time you may go there you will be sure to see warships. There are three immense dry-docks in which these boats are repaired. More than four thousand men are employed.

The largest dock in Brooklyn is the Atlantic Basin. About forty acres are covered by it and a total of more than two miles of wharves are to be found there.

The view from the Brooklyn Bridge at sunset on a clear day is one that cannot be forgotten. The rays of the setting sun reflected by the ocean and river, the low-lying lands of New Jersey in the distance, the winding waters beneath us, are as interesting as the great crowds of people hurrying to and fro. There are those, however, who say that Brooklyn Bridge is even more impressive at night when its hundreds of

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electric lights make its entire length brilliant in
the darkness.

Beyond Brooklyn is Coney Island, a strip of white sand that is known all over the world. Coney Island is divided into four parts: West End (Sea Gate), West Brighton, Brighton Beach and Manhattan Beach.

How to describe the gay scenes at West Brighton is almost beyond the power of any one. The beach is covered with more kinds of "shows" than can be found in any other one place in the world. Amusements that interest and others that make the spectators roar with laughter are there. Many of these amusements are not highly refined, but everybody that comes to Coney Island comes for a good time, and all try to take in a good-natured manner the jokes and pranks that may be played upon them.

There, too, are two great iron piers, which extend more than one thousand feet into the water. They are crowded with people. At Luna Park, one of the amusement resorts, more than six hundred thousand electric lights are glistening every night.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

When we come back to New York we decide to try first the subway, or underground railway, and later to ride on the elevated roads. One of our party afterward said, "What a strange thing it is that you have to go upstairs at the station to take the subway and go downstairs at other stations to take the elevated." This, however, is true of only a few stations. Each road runs nearly on a level and this fact naturally causes some stations to be higher or lower than others.

The first subway, or underground railway, in New York, was opened in 1904. Four years later the tunnel was extended under the East River to Brooklyn. There are also tunnels under the Hudson River through which the New Jersey people are carried to their waiting trains in Jersey City or Hoboken. When our train is directly under the river we are scarcely aware of the fact.

There are four elevated railways. All the cars are run by electricity. It is a very interesting experience to sit in a car and from the window look into the second, third or fourth

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stories of the houses we swiftly pass. At 110th Street in New York the Ninth Avenue Elevated Road is sixty-five feet above the street below. There are stations or stops every five or six blocks.

After you climb the stairs to a station, you buy your ticket (five cents) and then drop it into the "chopper" box, which a man guards at the entrance to the platform. There is a clatter and roar from the passing trains almost all the time. In the "rush hours" the trains follow one another very closely.

It seems to a stranger as if all New York is moving as rapidly as it knows how. The people do not seem to you to be sure just where they are going, but they all seem eager to get there as quickly as possible.

In spite of steam and trolley cars, electric buses, subways, elevated roads, sidewalks, four immense bridges, all of which are thronged, the transportation of the people of the great city becomes more difficult with every passing year. Very soon more subways will be ready for use.

Of all these various means, however, the

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Brooklyn Bridge is the most striking. High in the air, held in its place by a power one does not see, its strength and dignity are as marked as its usefulness. By it the two cities are bound together as firmly as they were by the law which made them one.

CHAPTER XX

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE GOLDEN GATE

JUST where San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean join there is a narrow stretch of water, not more than a mile wide. This is the Golden Gate.

When one stands on one of the many mountains that shut in the bay, or from the deck of a ferry-boat looks toward this little golden entrance, he understands why it received its name. Not only is the State of California noted for its gold, but the light of the sun, the tints of the sky and the ocean all seem to unite in making this spot also golden in its color.

Through the Golden Gate come and go steamships from Honolulu, Panama, Japan, China, Yokohama, Hong Kong and other places in the far East. Other steamers pass through the Golden Gate bound for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego on the coast. Through

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE GOLDEN GATE

it, too, sail ships for cities of the North and for Alaska.

San Francisco has one of the largest and best harbors in all the world. The broad San Francisco Bay extends more than fifty miles back into the beautiful country. In places it is ten miles wide. The city of San Francisco lies on the border of this bay and on the steep hills that rise from its shore. What an interesting city it is, and what an interesting story, too, it can tell of the different men that have lived in it during its brief history.

Near here, in 1776, the Mexican priests established a mission. They founded the church, Mission Dolores, two years later. The building is still standing. The adobé stone of which it was built now looks very old and weather-beaten.

Near the little church is an overgrown church-yard, which appears to be almost as old as the building. There the body of the first Mexican Governor was buried. Some people say that in the great fire in San Francisco, in 1906, the flames halted at this place.

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A little village, Yerba Buena, named from the wild mint, sprang up in 1835, not far from the Mission Dolores. In 1846 this little village became American and the following year its name was changed to San Francisco.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848, when San Francisco contained only about five hundred people. Two years later the city had twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and to-day it is one of the first ten cities in the United States.

In the early days, even after San Francisco had received its charter as a city (1850), there was such a wild class of men that had come there in their search for gold, that what was called a Vigilance Committee was formed. These men took the law into their own hands and the city was soon made more orderly.

The people of San Francisco are very proud of its climate. This does not vary as much throughout the year as it does in many parts of our country.

Although earthquakes occasionally have occurred there, what is known as the "great earthquake" was in 1906. This "quake" lasted only

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE GOLDEN GATE

about a minute, but in that time streets cracked, tall chimneys were broken and some of the wooden buildings fell to the ground. Not many of the strong buildings, however, were injured until a fire speedily broke out after the earthquake, and burned over more than four square miles of the city. The earthquake had twisted the water-pipes so that the fire could not easily be put out.

But San Francisco was not discouraged. Today a stranger would not know that so much damage ever had been done. Great buildings have been erected on the burned streets and the entire city is prosperous. Not only are there enterprising Americans in San Francisco but men are there from every nation in Europe, and there are also many Chinese, Mexicans, Japanese, Hawaiians and others.

Before we leave the city we visit the Chinese quarter. Chinatown, as it is called, recently has been much improved and is also much cleaner than it was before the great fire. As it is now, there are more than ten thousand living there. Before Congress passed an act which

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prevented so many Chinese from entering our country, there were many more people living in Chinatown. Almost all of these strange people living in this part of San Francisco are men. One sees very few little children. Among the names of the owners of the large stores we notice Sing Fat and Sing Chow.

Just a little way beyond Chinatown is what is called the Latin Quarter. There the Italians, Greeks and Mexicans live. Their shops and houses are like those they had in their far-away homes. This is true also in the Japanese Quarter.

The people here are all busy workers. On a certain street is the sign of a man who deals in real estate—"We sell the earth." As one listens to the conversation of the people on the streets he frequently hears the words, "biggest," "greatest," "richest," and other similar expressions. The men all seem to be very enthusiastic and full of energy.

Some of the great buildings are named for the men who have been very active in the affairs of the city and State. One of the most im-

THE GOLDEN GATE



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posing buildings is the Union Ferry Depot, from which boats depart to cross San Francisco Bay to Oakland and other places.

One day we cross the Bay and ride on the little railroad that ascends to the top of Mount Tamalpais. There we obtain a wonderful view of the city, the Bay, and of the Golden Gate, with the blue Pacific beyond it.

There are many excursions which one can take from the city to places of great interest in the vicinity of San Francisco, but the ride to the top of this mountain is the one that we enjoy most of all.

San Francisco is built on many hills. Some are very steep and it is quite hard to climb them. On one of the hills which face the Golden Gate is the reservation called the Presidio. There the United States has a garrison of soldiers. This reservation covers fifteen hundred acres and contains many winding walks and drives, and from it there are marvelous views to be had. If we chance to visit it on a Friday afternoon we shall hear the weekly concert by the military band.

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We drive also through Golden Gate Park. From many places in the beautiful park we can see the tossing waves of the Pacific and hear the surf breaking on the beach not far away.

At the Cliff House we stop to watch the seals that are basking in the sunlight on the Seal Rocks, which are about as far from the shore as we can throw a stone. What a peculiar bark these strange animals have. We hear it above the roaring of the breakers.

At the United States Mint we find that not only is the money of our own country coined, but also money for the Philippine Islands.

We stop for another look at the Golden Gate. Our guide informs us that out through the beautiful entrance and across the Pacific Ocean, gold, silver, wine, fruit, oil, lumber, flour and wool have gone in such quantities and so much coal, rice, sugar, tea, timber, coffee and flour have been brought back that every year the cargoes of the ships are worth more than one hundred and thirty million dollars. If this money should all be paid in silver dollars and the dollars should be laid in a straight line touching

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each other they would extend all the way from San Francisco to New York.

What courage the men of San Francisco have shown! Earthquakes and fires have not been able to dishearten them. The massive buildings of the city, the schools, parks, homes, libraries and broad streets are all evidences of the enterprise and energy of the people.

The Golden Gate, however, is the key to much of the success of San Francisco. Indeed, California, the Pacific coast and the entire United States are proud of the wonderful harbor and the laden ships that come and go through it. It is, indeed, a gate of gold as well as a golden gate.

CHAPTER XXI

ELLIS ISLAND AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

ON a little island in the harbor of New York, more foreign people who want to become citizens of our country are landed than at any other port in America. The name of this place is Ellis Island. There are other ports at which these people might land, but as most of the big boats from Europe come to New York, this island is the place where we can see most of the immigrants when they arrive in America. If we went to Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, we should see more of them there than in other American cities except New York.

If we wish to go to Ellis Island to see the foreign people land, we must obtain a pass to cross the Hudson River on a little steamer which leaves New York City every hour. It is only a short ride and costs us nothing.

ELLIS ISLAND AND STATUE OF LIBERTY

There is a half-hour before our boat is to depart. While we are waiting we go to the large, round building near by, where years ago the immigrants used to land. At that time it was called Castle Garden. Now it is the New York Aquarium.

Here is a very large collection of fishes and other animals that live in the sea. The strange animal known as the seacow has a crowd watching it. In another tank are brightly colored fish from the tropical waters. Here, too, are giant turtles whose heads are almost as large as the head of a man. How bright the eyes of the seals are and what an intelligent expression is on their faces!

But it seems to us that the bright eyes of the little people at Ellis Island will be much more interesting. After a hasty tour of the Aquarium we return to the dock and go on board the little steamboat which is to carry us across New York Harbor.

When we land, we are pleased by the courtesy of the people in charge, who politely show us all about the place.

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Years ago Ellis Island covered only an acre. To-day the little island has been built up until it is eleven times as large as it was originally.

About one thousand men and women are employed here to help the foreign people after they land. All of them are under the control of the Commissioner of Immigration. It costs about four dollars to care for each person that lands on Ellis Island. This money is raised by taxing every one that comes to make his home in the United States.

Fifty years ago most of the immigrants to America came from Great Britain or from the northern part of Europe. To-day there are a great many more who come from the southern part of Europe. Some of these newcomers seem to us very strange in their dress and manners. Perhaps they think we are just as peculiar. There are many boys and girls to be seen whose bright eyes are looking with keen interest all about them.

About three thousand new people land in America every day.

There are very imposing buildings on Ellis

ELLIS ISLAND AND STATUE OF LIBERTY

Island, some of which we are welcome to visit. There is a great Main Building, around which are beautiful walks and hedges. Then there is also an excellent hospital in which all the sick immigrants are cared for.

It is very interesting to go into the dining-hall and see the great rows of long, narrow tables at which the people are fed daily until they go to their new homes.

No one who is a criminal or who has no money at all is allowed to enter the country as an immigrant. The money of every one must be counted as soon as he lands and he must be told where and how to go to the places he wishes to find. Other forms, too, must be gone through before a band of immigrants can leave Ellis Island.

When we stop to think of it we are aware that all the white people in America either are immigrants or had immigrants for their ancestors. We hope all the strangely dressed people we see at Ellis Island will soon find homes and will become good citizens of the United States of America.

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From Ellis Island one can see a tiny little island near by on which is standing a huge figure called "Liberty Enlightening the World." This immense statue is made of copper and iron.

France gave it to us on the one-hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The man who planned this great statue was named Bartholdi. It was kind and thoughtful of France, which has a form of government very like our own, to give us this present.

The statue is in the form of a woman. It is one hundred and fifty feet from her feet to the top of the torch which she is holding aloft in her hand. She weighs two hundred and twenty-five tons.

The granite base, on which the statue stands, is one hundred and fifty feet high. The money to build this beautiful pedestal was given in small sums by the people of our own country.

Inside the figure of copper and iron is a stairway that leads up to Miss Liberty's head. Inside her head is room for forty people to stand at the same time. Standing there one can see



STATUE OF LIBERTY AND BEDLOE'S ISLAND

ELLIS ISLAND AND STATUE OF LIBERTY

far into the city and also into the country round about.

Up the beautiful harbor are coming some ocean steamers. Every one of these carries more people than are to be found in many a village. There are noisy little tug boats, boats with sails, and even skiffs can be seen here and there on the water. Scores of ferry-boats are going back and forth between New York and Brooklyn, Staten Island, and New Jersey. It is a busy scene all day long.

All this is the sight which greets the foreign people when they first land at Ellis Island.

CHAPTER XXII

THROUGH THE GREAT LAKES

THE five Great Lakes, located on the border between Canada and the United States, are all connected, and together they form the largest body of fresh water in the world.

At the head of Lake Superior, the largest of these lakes, is Duluth, in Minnesota. This city sometimes has been called the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas." It is difficult for us to realize, when we first see its busy streets and attractive homes, that only as far back as 1860, there were only eighty white people living there. To-day eighty thousand live in Duluth.

The reason why Duluth has grown so rapidly is due to the fact that it is located at the head of the Great Lakes. It has also excellent water power and is a busy railroad center. Behind it are many thousands of wheat fields and rich

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iron mines. Together with the enterprise of its citizens, these have helped Duluth to grow so rapidly.

There is a short canal at the entrance of its wide harbor. Across this canal there is a wonderful bridge, high in the air. It is called an aërial bridge and is one hundred and thirty-five feet high and nearly four hundred feet long.

Boats loaded with grain at Duluth may sail down Lake Superior, Lake Huron, Lake Erie, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River; and some do not stop until they have unloaded their cargoes at Liverpool, in England. That is a very long voyage. How long is it? The grain received and shipped at Duluth amounts to almost one hundred million bushels annually.

The lumber mills of the Zenith City, where many million feet of lumber are sawed and planed, are as interesting as the grain elevators. In some years nearly fifty thousand vessels enter or depart from the harbor at Duluth. Many of the ships also that come to Duluth bring cargoes of coal. When they depart they carry away flour or iron ore or lumber.

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If we were there in the winter it would be interesting to watch the boys on their skis. There is a high hill back of Duluth and down this the boys come with marvelous speed. Here, one time, a man made a jump of one hundred and seventeen feet on his skis!

We leave Duluth by steamer and sail across Lake Superior. This great lake is made up of the waters of more than two hundred streams and springs. The water is very cold and clear. It is August when we sail, and in the evening we see in the sky the Northern Lights, or the Aurora Borealis. Great flashes of light from the North are darting high into the heavens above us. One of the sailors tells us that this means that a storm is coming. As it rains the following day we recall what he said to us. When there is a storm the waters of Lake Superior become very rough. People are sometimes seasick there who are not sick on the ocean.

Our steamer goes into Portage Lake and then into what is called Portage Entry. This is a cut which saves a long voyage around the north-

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ern part of Michigan. We stay a little while at Houghton, which is the center of many rich copper mines.

After we resume our voyage our next stop is at Marquette, Michigan. This is a little city named for Père Marquette, the devoted French missionary who came here many years ago. He worked among the Indians. At Marquette there is an imposing statue of this devoted man. There are great iron docks and wharves located here that also interest us.

Not many miles below Marquette, as the day is clear, we all watch for the Pictured Rocks. These are great rocks about three hundred feet high. They extend five miles along the shore of Lake Superior. The storms of many centuries have worn these rocks into strange and fantastic forms. They are called "pictured," however, because of their bright colors. Yellow, red, blue, green and brown can be plainly seen in the formations.

Before we can pass into Lake Huron we must go through St. Mary's River, a stream so narrow that in places our boat is close to the banks.

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In this river are the St. Mary's Rapids, to avoid which there is a wonderful ship canal.

Many years ago the State of Michigan built what is called the Soo Ship Canal. That was very small, however, as it was only one hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep and had only two locks.

Since then the United States has built new canals that have much larger locks. The lock in which our ship is raised has a lift of eighteen feet. It is about eight hundred feet long and is one hundred feet wide and nearly forty-five feet deep. We are surprised when we see that the locks can be filled and emptied in seven minutes.

Do you know that every year the total tonnage of the great cargoes carried through the Soo Canal is three times as large as that which goes through the Suez Canal? Grain, iron and lumber form the cargoes of most of the vessels that come here.

As we have a little time to spare at Sault Ste. Marie, we go with an Indian in a canoe and shoot the rapids. This is an exciting experi-

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ence. The swift, tumbling waters are all about us. There is a roar that drowns the voices of our companions. Shooting the rapids is not very dangerous, however, although it might seem so to one who was watching us from the shore.

We stop next at Mackinac Island. The water of Lake Huron is so clear and still as we approach the little wooded island, that its high, rocky shores are seen almost as clearly in the reflections in the lake as they are in the air. It is a most attractive spot. Not many people are here in the winter, but many spend their summer vacations on the island.

France claimed this island as far back as 1610. Her missionaries had discovered it in their journeys. Mackinac belonged to France for one hundred and fifty-one years, and then was ceded to Great Britain. It came into our possession in 1796. The British, however, took the island again in the War of 1812. At the close of that war it was again given back to the United States.

To this place the old fur-traders used to come.

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The most famous of these was John Jacob Astor.

We obtain a carriage and a guide to take us about the attractive little island. Its rocks, trees and caves are all interesting. The walls of the old fort are still standing. There are high points from which we can see far out over Lake Michigan and Lake Huron.

When we are passing the cemetery our guide tells us that the island is so healthy that they "had to shoot a few people in order to start a grave-yard." We think, however, that he has exaggerated. When we tell him so, he continues, "It is true. We had to build a fence around the cemetery to keep the people in, even after we had shot them. It is very hard to die and stay dead in this wonderful place."

"What food do you have in the winter?" inquired one of our party. "It must be very bleak and deserted here then."

"Our chief diet," soberly replied the guide, "is fried snowballs."

The narrow waters we see near by are the Straits of Mackinac, which join Lake Huron

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and Lake Michigan. Our voyage, however, is to be continued on Lake Huron.

After we have sailed through the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, our next stop is Detroit. This is the largest city in Michigan and it is one of the most beautiful cities in the United States. Here, too, came the French as far back as 1670. Here, in 1701, Cadillac built a fort. Later, however, the English gained control of Detroit. While they were masters of it, the great Indian chief, Pontiac, carried on a war with them for more than a year.

After the American Revolution, Detroit became a part of the United States. But the British captured it again in 1812, although the Americans took it back in 1813. The people were very angry because General Hull, without trying to defend it, had surrendered the place to the British general, Brock. There is an old song in which the following stanza occurs:

“Let William Hull be counted null,
A coward and a traitor,
For British gold his army sold,
To Brock the speculator.”

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To-day, in Detroit, the number of people riding in automobiles is marvelous. Perhaps still more wonderful is the number of automobiles made there. There are also many other busy factories in which cars and car-wheels, adding machines, trucks and various kinds of iron goods are made.

We learn that about thirty-five thousand vessels pass Detroit every year. And yet there are only about seven months in every year when navigation is open.

Our next stop is Cleveland, Ohio. This is the largest city in the State and is located on Lake Erie. We have only a brief time here, so we secure an automobile and ride through the broad streets of the attractive city. The lawns in front of the houses are large and very green. There are so many trees along the sides of the streets that Cleveland has been called the Forest City. It is a very busy as well as a beautiful city. Iron factories and foundries and great machine shops employ many thousand men. It is not so old a city as Detroit.

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The final stop of our boat is Buffalo, on Lake Erie. This, too, is a large and busy city. It is also most attractive, for it has many wide streets, on the borders of which are rows of great shade trees.

When we ask why the name of an animal was given to the city, we learn that here, many years ago, great herds of buffaloes gathered about the creek near where it entered Lake Erie. Do you know any other places in our country that have been named for animals?

Very few people were living in Buffalo until 1825, when the Erie Canal was built. Since that time the city has grown very fast, and, next to New York, it is the largest city in New York State.

It is one of the busiest places in America. Lumber, coal, livestock and grain provide much of the business. The immense grain elevators can hold twenty-four million bushels of wheat at one time. About ten thousand boats come to or depart from Buffalo every year.

Delaware Avenue, on which there is a monument of President McKinley, who was shot here

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in 1901, is one of the most beautiful streets in America.

The only way we can go on by water from Buffalo into Lake Ontario is through the canals that have been dug. The Niagara River, with its great falls and rapids, cannot be used by boats.

Together, the five Great Lakes form a wonderful body of fresh water. We are not surprised that they have been called the "inland seas." The thousands of boats that go back and forth upon them; the grain, iron and lumber that are carried over their waters, and, most of all, the many enterprising cities on their shores, all make us proud of the fact that, in part at least, these great bodies of fresh water belong to the United States of America. Do you know what cities are located on the shores of these lakes?

CHAPTER XXIII

NIAGARA FALLS

NIAGARA is an Indian word, which means Thunder of Waters. The name is given to the Falls and also to the short river through which the waters of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and Lake Erie are all poured into Lake Ontario. Later, these same cold, clear waters, find their way through the St. Lawrence River into the Atlantic Ocean beyond.

The short Niagara River is the outlet for the largest bodies of fresh water in the world. In many places it is very swift. Two miles after it leaves Lake Erie the current is very strong. Then the waters become more quiet and the channel soon becomes broader.

The river is divided into parts by Grand Island. Just below this island the river is about two and one-half miles wide.

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When the waters have come about fifteen miles from Lake Erie, the stream becomes narrow once more. Because of this narrowness and the steep descent, the current again grows swift.

As the river speeds on the current becomes still swifter. One-half mile or more above Niagara Falls it is running like the waters of a mill-race. The bed of the stream descends fifty feet in this short distance. Just before the river takes its final and great leap at the Falls of Niagara, there is a sharp bend in the stream and the channel is divided by Goat Island. On the right are the American Falls and on the left are the Canadian, or as they are sometimes called, the Horseshoe Falls.

When we come to the place where we can look at this wonderful sight, we understand the meaning of the roar which we heard far away. Long before we have seen the cataract, we have noticed the clouds of spray that have been rising high above the river.

It is hard for us to realize that the American Falls are one hundred and sixty-seven feet high,

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and that the stream here is one thousand feet in width.

The Horseshoe, or Canadian, Falls are one hundred and fifty-eight feet high and have a width of twenty-five hundred feet. Some one has reckoned that one cubic mile of water pours over these falls every week and that only one-tenth of the amount is in the American Falls.

It is said there was a tradition, many years ago, among the Indians that dwelt here that the Falls of Niagara required two human victims every year. Doubtless many more than that number have perished in these awful waters. Fancy how one would feel if he was swimming in the stream above the falls and was caught by the current, as many have been, and swept forward over the cataract!

There is a deep basin into which the tumbling waters fall. Over this in very cold winters the famous ice-bridge forms.

What is called the Gorge begins at this basin. Through it the waters are carried swiftly forward on their way to Lake Ontario. In this Gorge are the Whirlpool Rapids. In many

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places where the Gorge becomes narrower, the wild tossing, foaming waters are driven onward with almost incredible speed.

Before we take a ride on the trolley car, which carries us along the American side of the Gorge to return on the Canadian side, a few members of our party go to the Cave of the Winds. This weird place is almost directly beneath the Falls.

Some of our friends were wise enough to obtain a change of clothing at the office, where a guide joined the party. They tell us how they went down the steps and followed the path along the cliffs. Several of them soon lost their courage and turned back. Others, however, kept on, and, after crossing many small bridges among the rocks, where they were drenched with spray and the wind and the water combined to make a deafening roar, they followed the guide as he led them through the Cave of the Winds. They told us that even the strongest grasped the hands of their friends when they were conducted along a narrow ledge, with a high, straight wall of rock directly below them on one side, while be-



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hind them was the ceaseless and awful roar of the great Falls.

Nearly every visitor goes to Table Rock, a point from which perhaps the grandest of all the views of the Horseshoe Falls is obtained. If we are here in the afternoon we shall see many rainbows that are formed in the spray. We can scarcely hear when our companions speak to us, because the thunder of the water is unceasing.

Some of our friends are afraid to take the trip in the little steamer, *The Maid of the Mist*, which is able to go up the stream nearly to the foot of Horseshoe Falls. There are those who say that the view of the Falls from the steamer is even better than it is from Table Rock.

We are greatly impressed by the Suspension and Cantilever bridges, over which railway trains pass high above the river. One of these bridges is two hundred and forty-five feet above the water and another is about twelve hundred feet long.

The impression which the Whirlpool Rapids makes upon us when we go down the inclined railway is almost as great as that of the Falls.

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We shall never forget the roaring and plunging of the great mass of water, driven into a narrow little channel by the power of all the lakes behind it. There are many rocks in the bed of the stream and the channel is only three hundred feet wide. It is a sight we shall always remember. Strange as it may seem, the center of the river here is higher than the water on either shore. Can you explain why that is so?

The Whirlpool is just about a mile below the railway bridge. The swift waters there are driven with great force against the cliffs on the left bank of the stream. There is therefore a sudden bend in the course of the river and the result is this Whirlpool. Some one has said that "the waters of the lake steal out of the Whirlpool as if they were drunk and wild, and then go brawling on their way to Lake Ontario."

It is said that every year 700,000 people visit Niagara Falls.

While we are there we visit also many nearby places of historic interest.

At Queenston, we see the heights on which the British, one time in the War of 1812, were sta-

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tioned, while the American army was on the opposite shore of the Niagara River. It was only a small band of American soldiers, however, that could be persuaded to cross. Of the thousand that did so nearly all were killed or captured.

Another place, not far away, is Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, where, in the War of 1812, a battle was fought between the Americans and the British. It was one of the most stubborn battles of that war. The fight began at sunset and lasted until midnight. General Brown and General Winfield Scott, American officers, were both wounded that day. The following morning General Ripley ordered the Americans to withdraw to Fort Erie, at the head of Niagara River.

The British also suffered severely, as they had lost their commander and had been driven some distance from the field.

It was in the Battle of Lundy's Lane that Colonel James Miller was asked if he could capture the cannon of the British. He quietly replied, "I will try, sir." He led his soldiers in

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one of the most brilliant and successful charges of the war. Some of us say that if we cannot remember the name of the battle, we shall not forget the three words of Colonel Miller. They mean as much as any words in the English language.

Recently the United States and Canada have permitted water to be drawn from Niagara to provide power by which busy mills are run and trolley cars are driven. In all, the right to obtain 750,000 horse-power has been granted. Thus far the grandeur of the Falls does not seem to have been affected by the long canals and flumes.

A visit to one of these immense power-houses is most interesting. There are great intake canals and huge penstocks (inlet pipes), great wheel-pits and many other wonderful sights to be seen.

It is interesting also to visit the Natural Food Conservatory, where we see not only many varieties of food made from grains, but we see also the great marble bathrooms and huge halls and dining-room which are for the use of the people

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who work in the factory. All these are in the City of Niagara Falls.

In 1885, Prospect Park and Goat Island, together with one hundred and seven acres, were opened as the New York State Reservation at Niagara.

On the opposite shore, all the way from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, Canada has reserved Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park. This great park covers seven hundred and eighty-seven acres.

We all hope nothing ever will be done to mar the grandeur of Niagara Falls. It is one of the most wonderful sights in all the world.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

TRAVELERS who have been all around the world say that they have found no more beautiful spot than the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River.

The waters of Lake Ontario empty into the majestic St. Lawrence. Just where the lake ends and the river begins it is difficult to say. Cape Vincent, in New York, and Kingston, in Canada, however, are the two places on the map which mark the beginning of the river.

It is fifteen miles directly across the river between these two places. The river becomes more narrow in places until it is near the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then it is wide again.

Soon after we depart from Kingston on a steamboat we see some of the first of the Thousand Islands. Instead of being one thousand

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of these islands, there really are about eighteen hundred. Certain of them are each several miles long, while others are tiny little islets that rise just above the surface of the water. There is quite a strong current in the river. We notice it particularly as the waters of the channel sweep past the lower ends of these tiny islands.

As we go on, we find the number and beauty of the islands increasing. Some of them belong to the United States and others to Canada. The most beautiful islands, however, are on the Canadian side of the river.

We notice that many of the islands are wooded. Others have rocky and high shores. On some we see farms. It is interesting to know how the farmers cross the river in winter. They have little iceboats. These boats have sharp runners as well as sails. When the swift waters freeze, in places "air holes" are left and in others the ice is quite thin.

The little boat sweeps along with the speed of the wind. Suddenly it may dart over the edge of the ice and strike the open water in

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some big air hole, or it may crash through the thin layer of ice that covers some very swift water. The boat is so made that when either event occurs, it keeps its balance when it strikes the water, and then the sailor quickly becomes an oarsman until he has gained the strong ice again, when once more he hoists his sail and speeds away.

The channel, which we are following, leads in and out among the myriad islands. It would be very easy for us to lose our way if we were sailing or rowing here alone. In some places the channel passes so close to an island that we might step on shore if we wished.

We see some mammoth hotels, most of which are built on islands, though a few of them are on the mainland shore. We pass many summer homes. These vary from the tiny little tents to the great palaces which have been built on the islands near Alexandria Bay.

Every one we see is having a good time. Even the little boats we meet blow blasts with their whistles to say, "Good morning," when they pass us. The deep-toned, heavy whistle

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS



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of the steamboat on which we are riding sends forth its polite response.

We meet many beautiful yachts. Some of these yachts belong in New York City and have come to this region by either of two ways. I wonder if you can tell how a yacht might be brought from New York City to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence?

On an island at our left we see a camp. There are many tents in it and scores of canoes have been drawn up on the shore. A canoe club which comes here every summer is here now for its annual "meet." We are interested in a race between three canoes paddled by girls. Not far away are other canoes with a little sail in each.

There are also scores of skiffs within sight. What graceful little boats they are. The St. Lawrence skiffs have become known far and wide for their strength and lightness. Two boys are sailing one that is quite near us. They do not have any rudder, but steer the little craft by frequently changing their positions in it.

Not only do great steamboats go down the St. Lawrence, and more motor boats than can

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be found anywhere else in America, but quite often house boats are seen. In a shady cove one of these boats is now drawn up on the shore. It is fitted out with living-rooms. A family is living on board, taking their summer outing in this way. An awning is spread over the upper deck and the members of the family are seated about a table.

On a rocky shoal near by we see several skiffs in which men are trolling. They catch perch, bass and pickerel. Occasionally a fisherman gets a great muskalong. Sometimes one of these huge fish is caught which weighs sixty pounds, or even more.

The guides are skillful cooks as well as fishermen. When the noon hour comes they land on some little wooded island. There they prepare and cook the fish they have caught, as well as the other food which the guides have brought.

We pass several parks, so called, where there are many cottages and people. In places here the river is swift. We are told, however, that when we come to the rapids of the St. Lawrence

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we shall find them very different from the rifts in the water that we now see.

Farther down the river there are more large islands. Frequently in the stream now we notice little eddies or whirlpools.

Our boat does not stop at every landing on the American side. Because this steamer is a Canadian boat that carries passengers it is prevented by law from stopping at two American ports in succession.

We have already noticed numerous "whale-backs." These are long boats, in shape not unlike canal boats, though they are higher. They have come all the way from Duluth and are carrying their cargoes of wheat to Quebec. A little while after we pass Ogdensburg, we notice that the current is becoming much swifter.

Soon we come to the Galoups Rapids. The river here is still quite mild, as it is also in the Rapide Plat, about five miles farther on. But the current is too swift for boats to come upstream, so canals have been built for their use.

The first great rapids are the Long Sault.

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Long before we come to them the eddies and whirlpools in the river are much more frequent than they have been in the early part of our voyage.

Very soon the roar of the Long Sault is heard in the distance. Then the spray and the angry tossing waves become visible. The sight of the foaming, tossing waves alarms some of our party, but there really is not much danger for big boats in shooting these rapids.

The steamer seems to be dropping, somewhat as a man steps down a stairway. There is a thrill as we see that we are now in the power of the rushing current. These rapids continue for nine miles. The waters are in a tumult most of the way.

When boats come up the St. Lawrence they pass near here through the Cornwall Canal, on the Canadian side, and thus avoid the Long Sault Rapids.

In numerous little pens along the shore, sturgeon are kept which have forced their way up the swift river. They have been caught by men standing on frail little piers that extend from

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the shores many feet into the river. Some of these sturgeon are ten or more feet long.

A part of the Little Long Sault, as the rapids on our right are called, has been turned into a great power canal. This extends a few miles inland to the village of Massena, in New York, and then through a little river, the water once more enters the St. Lawrence. The power thus gained is used to provide electricity and to turn the wheels of busy mills.

Near the foot of the Long Sault Rapids is the Indian village of St. Regis. Many of these Indians use the French language. Far away to our right is the faint outline of the Adirondack Mountains.

Soon our boat is crossing Lake St. Francis. This and Lake St. Louis, several miles below, are really not lakes at all. They are merely places where the St. Lawrence River spreads out or enlarges. Lake St. Francis is twenty-eight miles long and about seven miles wide.

Soon we are passing through more rapids, the most interesting of which is Cedar. Near here, too, Canada has built a canal fourteen miles

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long, which boats use when they go up the stream.

The little village of St. Anne, not far away, is the place where the poet, Tom Moore, laid the scene of his poem, the "Canadian Boat Song."

Soon we come to the La Chine Rapids. These are only three miles long, but they are the swiftest of all the rapids in the St. Lawrence. Years ago, before a steamboat started down the La Chine Rapids, it stopped to take on board an old Indian pilot, who guided it through the rushing waters. This is not done now.

At first it seems to us that we surely must strike the long, jutting point of rock directly in front of us. But the current is so strong that it sweeps our great boat safely around the point of danger and soon we are again in quiet waters.

As the St. Lawrence goes on its way to the sea it soon passes Montreal, the leading city of Canada. The river here is still six hundred and twenty-five miles from the Atlantic Ocean.

The early name of Montreal was Mount Royal. This now is the name of a high hill in the city which rises nine hundred feet above the

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level of the sea. On its top is an extensive park. Many beautiful residential streets are on the sides of Mount Royal. Down on the plain below are the business sections of the city. The church of Notre Dame seats 10,000 people. It has the largest bell in America. There are many other imposing buildings in the city.

Jacques Cartier came here in 1535, sixty-eight years before the coming of Champlain, who founded and named the place.

One hundred and forty-five miles farther down the St. Lawrence is Quebec. This has been called the most picturesquely located city of the new world. It has also been called the American Gibraltar.

The great citadel that covers forty acres on the summit of Cape Diamond looks very forbidding. When we go there we have one of the most impressive views we have ever seen. The upper town is built about the citadel and here, too, are public buildings, churches, gardens and many beautiful residences. The lower town is built around the foot of Cape Diamond. This is the place where the warehouses and wharves

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line the banks of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles Rivers.

The Houses of Parliament, City Hall, the Convent of the Franciscans, the Champlain Hospital are all interesting. The church of Notre Dame was built in 1688. It is one of the oldest churches in America.

Immense quantities of lumber, grain and copper are sent down the St. Lawrence from Quebec every year.

From the time when Jacques Cartier first started up the St. Lawrence, until 1759, there was a struggle between the French and the English as to who should possess the place.

Louis of France hoped to establish a New France in America. To do this he must keep out the English. But the English did not want to be kept out, and consequently there was a long war between the two nations. In a battle on the heights above Quebec, which are called the Plains of Abraham, at last the English won. The story of the death of Wolfe, the brave young leader of the British troops in this battle, is known to all. It was in 1760, when Quebec,

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with the rest of Canada, was ceded to England.

In the War of the Revolution the Americans tried to take Quebec, but were badly defeated in their attempt. Benedict Arnold had led a force of the fearless colonial soldiers from Cambridge through the wilderness of Maine to this place. Others came down the St. Lawrence by the way of Montreal to join him. The men were very brave, but they were not able to take Quebec. Perhaps the death of General Montgomery and the wounding of Benedict Arnold somewhat discouraged the soldiers. At all events they did not succeed.

Large boats that cross the ocean can come up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal.

Not long after the St. Lawrence leaves Quebec it pours its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I wonder if you can tell how far we have come in sailing from Duluth, through the great lakes, down the St. Lawrence River, through the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean?

CHAPTER XXV

LAKE GEORGE

ONE of the most historic and attractive spots in America is Lake George, on the eastern border of New York. Many years ago the Indians called the little sheet of water, "The place where the lake closes." It had another Indian name also which means Silvery Waters. The present name was given it in honor of King George II of England. Every visitor thinks it is one of the most interesting places he has ever seen.

Not far away are the Adirondack Mountains. Along the shores are high hills covered with trees. In the lake are many small islands of great beauty. In some places along the shores one can see great cliffs and crags, about some of which stirring stories are told of the daring deeds of the Indians and the whites who lived here many years ago.

LAKE GEORGE

When one leaves the train at the station of Lake George, at the head of the lake, he sees not far away a great hotel. This hotel stands on the spot where old Fort William Henry stood when the English built it in 1755. Two years after it was built, the French General, Montcalm, with his army of eight thousand soldiers, took it from the English. The story of how fifteen hundred helpless men, women and children were killed by the Indians with Montcalm has often been told.

About two miles from the village of Lake George is Williams Rock. It is a boulder which marks the spot where Colonel Ephraim Williams (the founder of Williams College) was killed, and twelve hundred men with him were defeated by the French and their Indian allies. That was in 1755. Not far away is Bloody Pond, into which the Indians threw the bodies of the slain. Not more than a half-mile distant are the ruins of old Fort George, which was erected just a little while after Fort William Henry was built.

Soon after our arrival at Lake George we are

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on the deck of a little steamer which will take us
almost the entire length of the lake—thirty-
three miles.

The bright skies, the soft air, the many little
islands (two hundred and twenty), the tiny
power-boats, canoes and sail-boats, all make the
scene very stirring and inspiring if one comes
here in the summertime.

There are numerous summer hotels on the
islands or along the shore. Among the trees
you can see many camps where the young people
seem to be having a fine time.

The waters of the lake are so clear and you
can see so plainly in them the reflection of the
trees that it is hard to tell just where the shore
begins.

The first white men that ever saw Lake
George were three Frenchmen whom the In-
dians brought here as prisoners. Among the
captives was Father Jogues, who named the
little lake Lac du St. Sacrement.

Lake George empties into Lake Champlain.
There is a little ridge of land about four miles
long between the lakes.



LAKE GEORGE

LAKE GEORGE

The northern lake is slightly lower than Lake George. Lake Champlain is also longer than its sister lake, as it is one hundred and eighteen miles in length. In certain places it is so narrow that it is only one-quarter of a mile from shore to shore. In other places, however, the lake is twelve miles wide.

There are high hills around this lake also, but they lie a little farther back from the shore than do the mountains around Lake George. There are islands, too, fifty of them, in Lake Champlain. The eastern shore is mostly in Vermont and the western shore is in New York. Far to the east you see the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Lake Champlain pours its waters into the little river Richelieu, which in turn empties into the mighty St. Lawrence.

Samuel de Champlain, when he was Governor of Canada, discovered this lake in 1609. Its Indian name was Caniaderi Quaranti. It is easier to tell what these words mean—"The Gate of the Land"—than it is to pronounce them. There are many interesting and beautiful places

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at which our steamer stops. The same good time seems to be had by all the people we see on the shores.

Both these lakes were very important in the early history of our country, because they were a part of the route by which people went back and forth from the English Colonies to Canada. For almost one hundred and fifty years the French and English fought to see who should control them.

Fort Ticonderoga is on the shore of the stream that joins the two lakes at the foot of Mount Defiance. The French first built a fort here which they called Fort Carillon. That was in 1755. Three years after it was built the English tried to capture it, but they failed and were compelled to retreat up Lake George after they had lost two thousand men.

The next year the French fled from the fort, when Lord Amherst and his English soldiers captured it and changed its name to Fort Ticonderoga.

In 1775, just a little while before the Declaration of Independence, Colonel Ethan Allen and

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his soldiers, who were called the Green Mountain Boys, came to the fort one night and surprised the commander by telling him that he and his men must surrender.

The captain did not even know there was any war at the time, and when he inquired to whom he must surrender, Ethan Allen shouted in reply, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

In 1777, in the Revolutionary War, General Burgoyne came up the lake with his great army of redcoats and Indians. There were hundreds of little boats in the fleet in which the redcoated soldiers were carried and many hundreds of canoes, filled with Indian warriors who were helping the general. What a stirring sight the old fort must have seen when all these boats at the same time were on the waters of the lake in front of it.

General Burgoyne captured the fort because his soldiers dragged their cannon up the steep sides to the top of Mount Defiance near by, where the American General, St. Clair, did not believe "anything but a goat" would be able to

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go. Are you surprised that St. Clair was de-
feated?

General Burgoyne, although he took the fort,
was not able to hold it very long. A few weeks
later he was defeated in the Battle of Saratoga,
October 17, 1777, and all his soldiers were made
prisoners by the Americans.

Later, old Fort Ticonderoga became almost a
ruin, but recently it has been rebuilt and re-
stored.

If you go there to-day you will see it almost as
it was when Colonel Ethan Allen captured it at
a time when there was no war.

You may stop also at Plattsburg, on Lake
Champlain, near which a battle on the lake was
fought between the English and American sail-
ors, September 11, 1814. The battle lasted two
hours and then Captain Macdonough, the young
American commander of the American fleet, sent
to Washington a dispatch which brought joy to
the hearts of all Americans: "The Almighty
has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on
Lake Champlain in the capture of one frigate,
one brig, and two sloops-of-war of the enemy."

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To-day when one sees these beautiful lakes and along their shores finds prosperous farms and thriving villages, as well as many places where people have come to spend the summer days, it is hard to realize what stirring scenes were enacted here when the French and English and their Indian allies were fighting for the control of the region.

Not many years passed, however, before neither the French nor the English owned Lake George and Lake Champlain. The beautiful and historic little lakes became a part of the United States. We hope both famous waters, one of which the Indians called "Silvery Waters," and the other the "Waters That Lie Between," will be a part of the United States forever.

CHAPTER XXVI

“WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON”

ONE of the great rivers of North America is the Columbia, which is sometimes called the Oregon. Its clear, cold, rushing waters are not all within the boundaries of the United States.

It rises far up in British Columbia among the Rocky Mountains. In its course southward other great rivers join it. The largest of these are the Clark Fork and the Snake.

As the Columbia goes on still farther, its direction changes until it is on the southern border of the State of Washington. Then once more it turns toward the west, until at last it reaches the Pacific Ocean, near Astoria, Oregon. Part of the way it forms the boundary between Oregon and Washington.

The majestic river is fourteen hundred miles

“WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON”

long. What a great body of water to keep steadily on its way every year! The stream, if it started at Lincoln, Nebraska, would reach all the way to New York City.

After the little river, for it is small near its source, begins its course among the northern mountains, it passes a variety of beautiful sights. There are mighty forests to be seen and fertile farms and stretches of land that are almost desert. At last, its waters flow past places where men are busily at work; for in the lower part of its course there are thriving towns and great cities.

The lofty Cascade Range of mountains extends through Oregon and Washington from north to south. The country bordering on the Columbia east of the Cascades is dry and there are few people living in the region. West of that range there is more rain. This part contains more inhabitants than the eastern. What do you think causes this difference?

Captain Robert Gray first found this mighty river in 1792.

What was vaguely known at that time as the

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“Oregon Country” included the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. In 1804-5, President Jefferson sent a land expedition under Lewis and Clark to explore this region, in addition to that which borders on the upper Missouri River.

The United States then claimed this entire region, affirming that it was a part of the Louisiana Purchase, and also that it belonged to her because her citizens had explored it. Later, Great Britain denied both these claims and said the country was hers, although she could not give any good reason for her demand. It may be that the claim of the United States was not very strong, but that of Great Britain was still weaker. The two countries did not agree in the matter until 1846. Then the claim of the United States was allowed to stand.

Astoria, the little city near the mouth of the Columbia, was famous years ago as a center of the fur trade. John Jacob Astor used to come there when he was a fur-trader, and now the place has his name as a part of the name of the city.

“WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON”

Just north of the city of Portland the Columbia is joined by the Willamette. From that place to the Pacific Ocean there are many boats on the river.

Portland is one of the most attractive places in our land. It is also a very wealthy city. It manufactures large quantities of pig iron, flour, furniture and other goods. Immense loads of wheat, lumber, flour, wool and fish are shipped here every year. From the city go boats to San Francisco, Puget Sound, British Columbia, China, Japan, Alaska, South America, New York and Great Britain. On the shores of the Willamette there are long rows of boats, warehouses and sawmills.

Sometimes Portland is called the Rose City, because the roses there are more beautiful than in any other part of our country. Every year, early in June, a Rose Festival is held. The automobiles in the procession are trimmed with roses and there are bands of boys and girls, all carrying great quantities of the gorgeous flowers.

From the park, on the western side of the city,

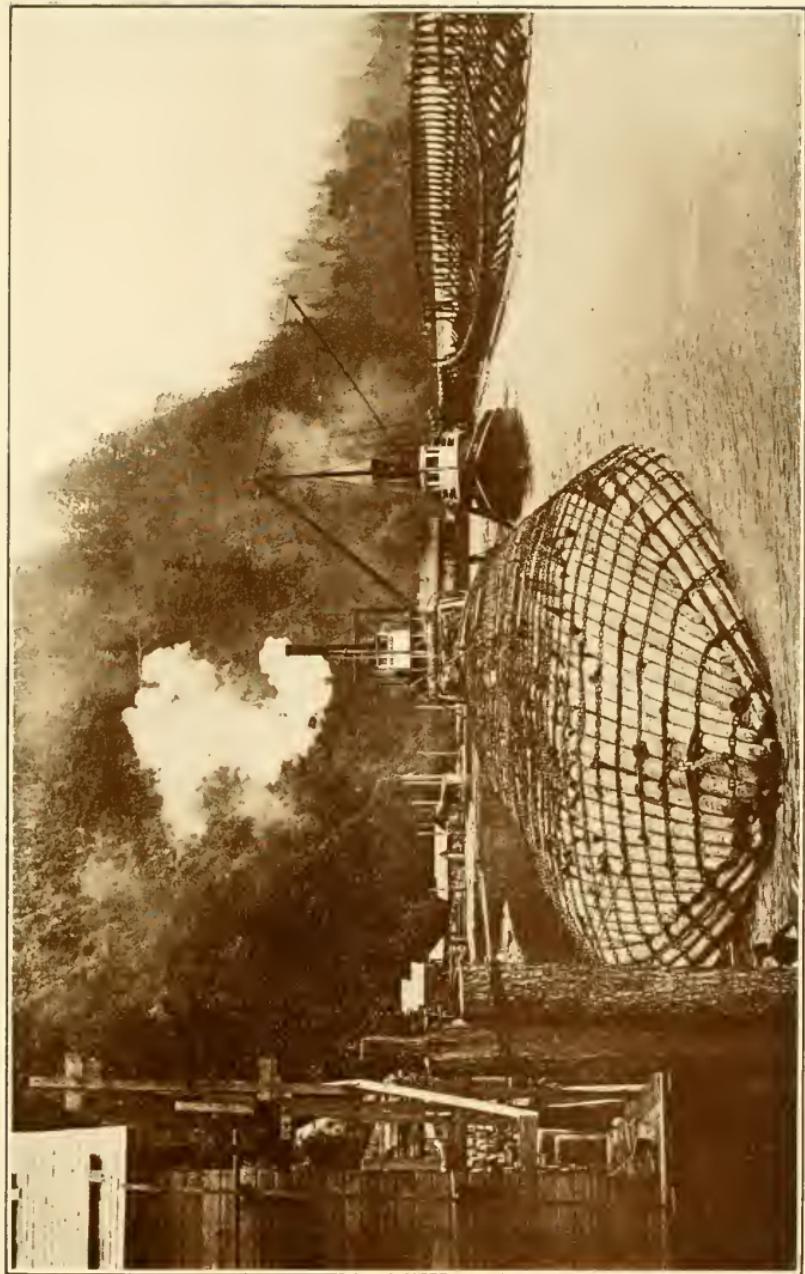
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we can see plainly Mount Hood, sixty-six miles away. We see also Mount Adams, which lifts its white-capped summit 12,470 feet into the air. It is one of the highest peaks of the Cascade Mountains. If the day is unusually clear we can see even Mount Rainier, which is not far from Tacoma, in Washington.

If we desire, we can go on a steamboat from Portland up the Columbia River as far as The Dalles of the Columbia. The word Dalles is derived from the name of the beds of lava which can be seen near the place. It is one of the most beautiful rides we have ever taken. We see great mountains not far from and all along the shores. Parts of the country remind us of the Highlands of the Hudson or the Berkshires of New England, only they are much higher and bolder.

Many boats, which have paddle-wheels in the stern, like those we have seen on the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, are within sight. The river is swift in many places. There are frequent rapids and many islands.

Very soon we come to cascades. Here great



A RAFT OF TIMBER. COLUMBIA RIVER

“WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON”

wheels and “runs” have been built in the river to catch the salmon as the fish make their way, or “run,” against the swift current. There are times when the fish are very plentiful.

Many men are engaged in catching salmon. A college boy, whose home is in Oregon, told us that he had paid his way through college in this way. He received five cents per pound.

As we go on, we notice marked changes in the shore. Now we see many barren stretches of sand, where walls have been built to keep the sand from heaping up on the tracks of the railroad which are close to the banks. While we are here there is a sandstorm. The air is filled with tiny particles of sand, just as in other parts of the country it is filled with raindrops in a storm.

We frequently notice, too, long rows of poplar trees. These have been planted to break the force of the great winds that sometimes blow. Certain parts of this sandy land have been irrigated and cultivated. Many peach trees and berry bushes are growing in the numerous orchards or gardens.

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Oregon is a very rich State. In parts of it, where the great apple orchards are found, land sometimes is sold as high as \$4,000 per acre. Even here on the sandy stretches we overhear a man say that this land is good for sheep. We do not see upon what the sheep can feed. However, when by irrigation the water is brought into the arid land the soil becomes very fertile.

We are interested in the many sawmills on the shores and in the logs which we see floating down the river. We remember that in Portland we were told that sometimes 650,000,000 feet of lumber are cut there in one year.

The swift waters of the Columbia prevent the large boats from going above The Dalles. Smaller boats, however, can go as far as two hundred miles above that place, but then the rapids prevent them from going any farther.

The Columbia River with its swift, clear waters; its shores close to lofty mountains; its fishing and commerce, and the cities it passes on its way to the sea, is not only one of the largest but it is also one of the most beautiful of the rivers of the world.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SKYSCRAPERS

THE highest buildings in the world are in New York City. It is true that the Eiffel Tower in Paris is still higher than any of them, as it reaches nine hundred and eighty-four feet up into the air. But this tower is only an iron and steel frame structure. It can hardly be called a "building," such as the skyscrapers of New York are.

These great structures are famous all over the world. An Austrian woman coming into the harbor of New York for the first time, said eagerly, "I wish most to see the Singer House."

"Do you mean the Opera House?" inquired an American friend.

"No, no," she replied. "I wish much to see the Singer House."

In a moment it was plain that the building she

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wanted to see was the imposing structure of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. At that time it was the highest building in New York.

When one stands on the street and looks up at these giant towers they seem so high that they do indeed appear almost to "scrape the sky."

Most of these huge structures are in the lower part of the city. When we walk along the streets below them and look up at their towering sides, we are reminded of the steep, narrow cañons among the lofty mountains of the West.

Sometimes visitors have foretold the calamity which would surely take place in New York City if an earthquake should shake these vast structures to the ground. As the city is built upon a granite foundation there is not much danger of this. Earthquakes do not often occur where granite rock forms the crust of the earth.

Others have said that before long the health of the people of New York will be affected by these tall buildings, because it is impossible for the sunlight to enter the narrow streets between these skyscrapers. In many buildings electric lights must be used throughout the day, no mat-

THE SKYSCRAPERS

ter how clear and bright the day may be. Perhaps in time this fear may be realized.

Why does New York have such high buildings?

There are two reasons. One of these is that Manhattan Island is very narrow. In the business parts of the city there is not very much ground on which buildings can be erected. In order to meet this condition these lofty structures, containing many floors and offices, have been built.

Then, too, perhaps when one building has become known as "the highest in the world," other people try to surpass the record when they erect a new building.

The result of erecting so many of these skyscrapers has been to make the skyline of New York quite irregular. In many cities in Europe the buildings are of uniform height. There the skyline is not broken.

One time we asked a young artist, who was coming home to New York after he had spent four years in study in Paris, what he thought of the skyline of New York when first we were able

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to see it as we sailed up the bay. "Is it artistic?" we inquired.

"Yes, yes," he replied quickly. "I have been in Paris so long that the deformity of the uniformity of its skyline has become monotonous to me. The line here is uneven, but that is the way in which nature works. What would one think of the Rocky Mountains if there was no peak higher than any others? How would the Sierras impress one if they all stood out evenly against the sky? New York's skyline is like that of a mountain range."

How high are these buildings? We cannot answer the question by describing them all, but it will be interesting to know that the Woolworth Building, for example, rises seven hundred and ninety-two feet and one inch above the sidewalk. If the sub-basement floor, which is below the level of the street, is included, and also the caissons upon which the building rests that extend one hundred and fifteen feet down to bed-rock, the giant structure is really nine hundred and thirteen feet high. This is almost as tall as the Eiffel Tower.



A SKYSCRAPER. THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK

THE SKYSCRAPERS

Scientists say that the Tower of Babel was six hundred and eighty feet high when the men, who were building it, gave up their task because they could no longer understand one another.

Perhaps you will get some idea of what this immense structure is if you are told that it contains sixty stories or floors. The floor space in it covers forty acres. It has eighty thousand electric lights and twenty-eight elevators. If all its elevator shafts could be strung together they would be two miles long. If the plumbing in the building could be made into one long pipe it would be forty-three miles in length. The electric wires would extend from New York to Philadelphia, a distance of about ninety miles.

In the walls of the building there are 17,000,000 bricks. With these you could pave a road thirty feet wide and eleven miles long.

This huge building weighs 206,000,000 pounds. When a strong wind blows, its pressure adds 40,000,000 pounds to its weight. It has been so built, however, that it is able to resist a wind pressure of two hundred and fifty miles an hour.

The three thousand windows of this building,

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if they were all placed on the ground adjoining one another, would cover nearly one and one-half acres. There is just as much glass inside the huge structure as there is on the outside. There is no wood in the entire building. The doors are all made of steel, terra cotta and wire glass. Ten thousand people at the same time may have their offices in this one building.

The view from the tower of this building, or from that of the Metropolitan Building, which is seven hundred feet high, is one you never will forget. Below you stretches the vast city. The streets and avenues look almost like threads. On the sidewalks the moving people appear to be not much larger than mice. Far below us are the steeples of the churches and the towers of many other giant buildings.

It may help you to understand how high these buildings in New York are if you read the following table:

HEIGHT OF THE WORLD'S FAMOUS BUILDINGS

	Feet
Pantheon, Rome,	150
St. Sophia, Constantinople	200
	280

THE SKYSCRAPERS

	Feet
Campanile, Venice	325
Giralda, Seville	350
St. Isaac's, Petrograd	365
St. Peter's, Rome	400
Cathedral, Salisbury, England	400
St. Stephen's, Vienna	450
Pyramid, Egypt	485
Cathedral, Rouen, France	490
Cathedral, Colon	519
Philadelphia, City Hall	537
Washington Monument	555

In contrast with such high structures, the height of a few of the New York buildings may be of interest:

	Ft.	In.
Madison Square Garden	305	
City Investing Building	400	
Equitable Building	542	10
Singer Building	612	
Metropolitan Tower	700	
Woolworth Building	792	1

One of the most interesting of the skyscrapers in New York is commonly known as the "Flat-iron." If you are in the upper part of this building in a great storm you will feel it sway

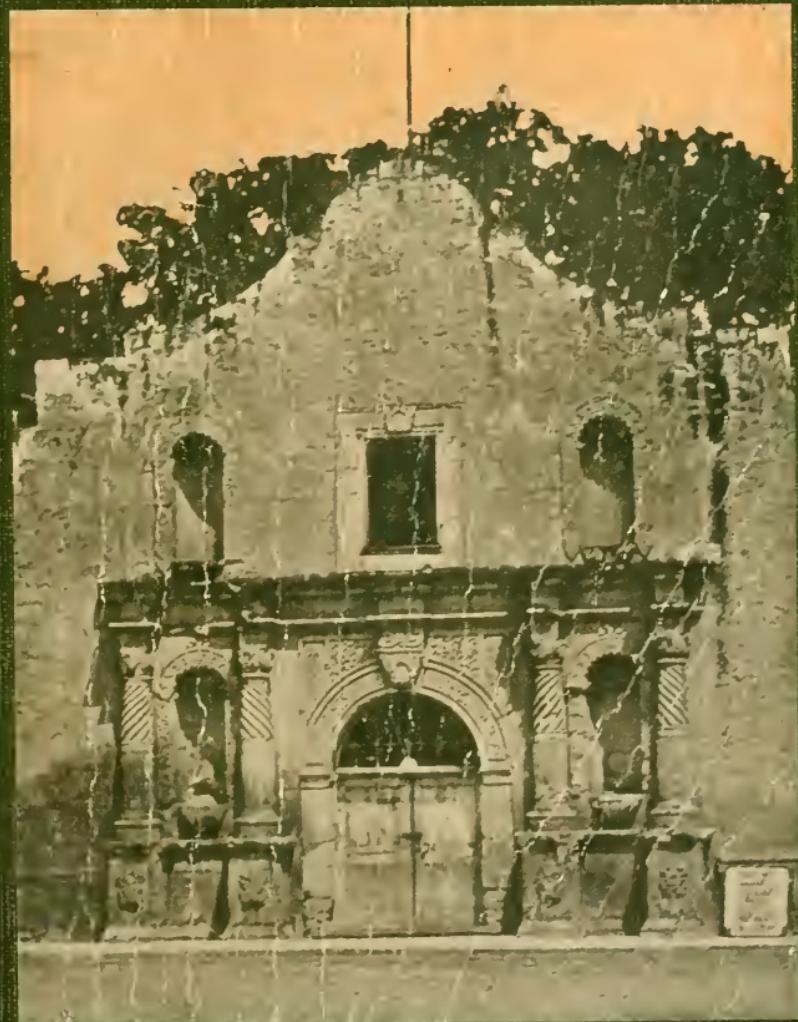
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slightly with the wind. And yet it is said to be
the most strongly built of all.

After we have walked past many of these im-
posing structures or have been carried by the
elevators to the tops of their towers, we are cer-
tain to think of the thousands of busy people
who are toiling in every building. We shall
long remember the wide views of the ocean, of
the city and of the country beyond to be had
from the windows in the top stories. And, too,
when we go away, we shall not be able to forget
the suggestive name which has been given these
high buildings—"skyscrapers."

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EVERETT T. TOMLINSON



